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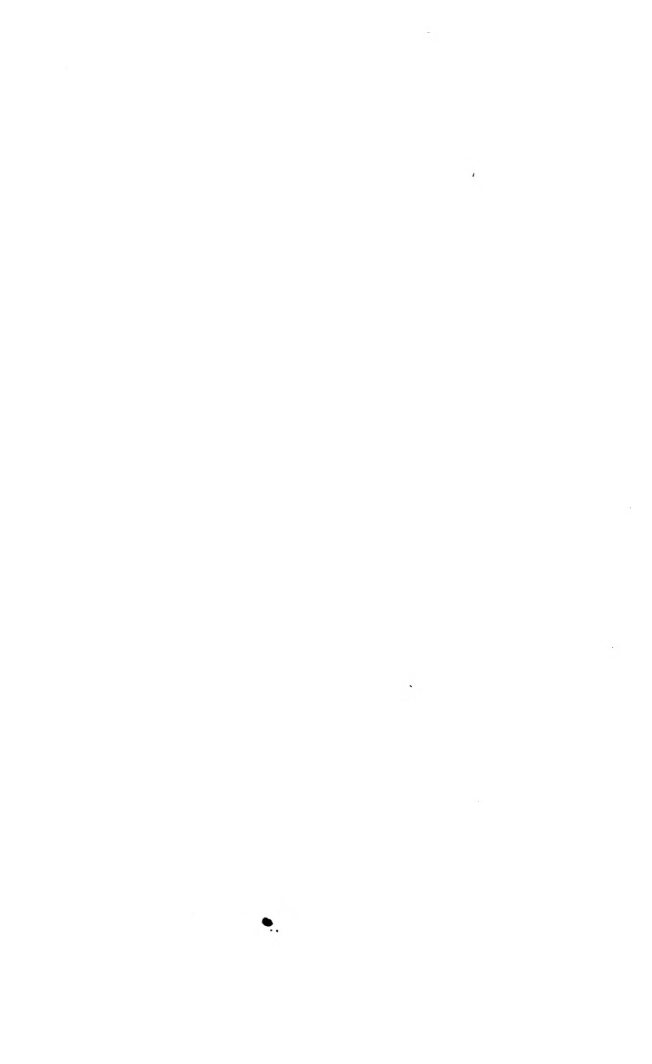
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# ASPHODELS.

BY

SARAH GOULD.

“I love not less  
Earth's loveliest bloom—wood-haunting lily-bells,  
Daisy or violet—for all loveliness  
Of these I bring,—my fading Asphodels,  
Plucked on the hills of Immortality!  
But, dear memorials of faint-pulséd dreams,  
Fields never sere, and amber-paven streams,  
And angels leaning from their opal sky  
With your still dewy sweets,—  
I clasp you, though ye die!”

NEW YORK:  
PROOF-SHEETS.

1856.



75-8  
1856

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## P R E F A C E.



It is pleasant to do good in however humble a sphere ; to lighten, if but a little, the heavy burden which weighs on human hearts ; and touch the pained bosom of the sufferer with even the least potent hand of healing.

The Poems here introduced are the spontaneous effusions of the heart ; and appealing rather to the heart, than to the critical intellect, they come from the half-privacy of the friendly circle, to select, by sympathy, a broader circle of friends, which, retaining something of the sanctity of the personal relation, will be but a broader privacy.

That this new circle will be neither a cold, nor a narrow one, the present writer may be per-

mitted to express his confidence. These Poems come with the musical utterance of what is deepest, and dearest in human hearts ; bringing words of faith, and love, and cheer ; of life, and immortality. They seem consecrated, as by the baptismal hands of Elect Souls in Heaven, to the warm love of man, to the deep love of God.

Throughout the whole collection, it will be found that a keen, appreciative, admiration of the grand and beautiful in visible nature, is subordinated to the higher purposes of the moral, and spiritual nature. All the objects of sense are, constantly, transmuted, as by a magical touch, into images of the soul, and made to speak a language greater than they knew.

The peculiar condition under which these Poems have had their origin, will explain, at once, their high spiritual stand-point, and the necessity for the rather delicate office which devolves upon this writer.

They are—with the slight exception of some five-and-forty lines,—strictly, and absolutely, Trance-Improvisations, produced at the instant of uttering, and uttered in a state of essential unconsciousness to outward objects. All that this uncon-

sciousness fails of being complete, is apparent in the fact that outward disturbances destroy the integrity of the spiritual image, into which they are often adopted, without however, leaving any indications of their character, in the broken reflection they produce. It is as if a pebble dropped in a clear pool, should disturb the mirrored beauty of a child's delighted face, while the waters gave no image of the disturbing cause.

Of the nature of this Trance, and the idiosyncrasies of its subject, the reader will find, among the Notes appended to this volume, a keen analysis, excellent for its intrinsic truthfulness and beauty; and peculiarly interesting to many, as coming from the departed spirit of an acute scholar, a close observer of human nature, and a lovely man.

It has been the privilege of the present writer, to witness the creation of many of the Poems, here offered to the public, and under the most favorable circumstances to test the genuineness of the improvisation; a test not unimportant; for, while no one in the least acquainted with their author, could doubt the spontaneity of their production, others might suppose that in the very

unconsciousness which is claimed for her, there is ground for doubt whether they may not be mere recitations of premeditated poems.

While their author is in that state of deep abstraction from which the poems are given, one, not immediately *en rapport* with her, may quietly come and go, unnoticed ; and entire strangers may be introduced, brought into communication, and withdrawn, without leaving any trace upon her waking recollection. To such she has often given, in strains of a high order of poetry, the inmost secrets of their hearts, and the veiled history of their lives, of a nature too purely private to appear in this collection.

One word concerning the question of Originality, before we make our bow, and leave the reader to better company. The impressions, here produced as expressions, are, seemingly, the result of actual vision ; sometimes claiming a direct spiritual influence. The spirit in communication is, then, described as presenting symbols, whose right interpretation, and rendering into current English, depend entirely upon the seer. It seems to be the vagueness of the poetical faculty elevated to the distinctness of actual sight.

The language, rhythm, structure, and entire machinery of the expression, are as completely the speaker's, as in the case of any author; and the ideas themselves, if ever pre-existent in the mind of another, and presented by a definite intention, are so presented through objects of the natural sense, symbols never preconcerted, that it demands as keen a perception to catch the meaning, as that by which ordinary poetry is made to interpret nature to the common mind. While with that there is left the broadest latitude of interpretation, with this peculiar inspiration the seer must seek a definite moral.

To judge from the examples which have come under the observation of this writer, it appears to him, that the process, in the production of these poems, is precisely analogous to the production of mental images, from sensible objects in the ordinary operations of the mind; with the difference of facility resulting from the abnormal condition.

These observations are made neither to excite astonishment, nor to deprecate criticism, but to put the reader in possession of the stand-point from which the Poems were given, and can best

be understood. They must stand, or fall, on their own merits as works of art, as emanations from the great Soul of Beauty and Love.

G. S. B.

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## MINISTRATIONS.

---

THERE are forms of beauty, bending,  
    Ever bending o'er your way ;  
And they scatter blessings round you,  
    As the night distills its dew ;  
And their presence lights your spirits,  
    As the sunshine lights the day ;  
And no cloud of sorrow rises,  
    But their soft eyes twinkle through !

There are angels bright, who linger,  
    Ever linger by your side ;  
Ever watching, ever waiting,—  
    Only watching for your good ;  
With their white arms stretched protectingly,  
    If evil should betide,  
Nourishing your hungry spirits,  
    With their own ambrosial food.

In the noon-day there are voices,  
Voices in the noon of night,  
Which are whispering, of heaven,  
Words of glory and of joy;  
Oh, then listen, closely listen!  
They will thrill you with delight,—  
Stories of their blissfulness,  
Of a bliss without alloy.

There are touches which are thrilling,  
Thrilling with a power intense,  
Through the inmost depths of feeling,  
Till ye know the hand that blesses,  
As a holy consecration, is  
Baptizing every sense,  
In the sweet, and sacred influence  
Of their heavenly caresses.

There are most ecstatic visions,  
Visions that like starbeams come;  
While the tones of the departed  
Waken holiest memories,—  
Till there comes a childlike yearning  
For your spirit's cherished home,  
In the Father's blessed presence,  
In the bowers of Paradise.

There are heavenly revelations,  
Revelations pure, and high,  
That will flash athwart the spirit,  
As the lightning's fiery darts,  
Giving glimpses of the glory  
Flashing on the inward eye,  
Till a hallowed sense of blessedness  
Comes conquering your hearts.

## PROPHETIC GLIMPSES.



A LIGHT upon my spirit gleams,  
A light I rather feel than see ;  
It comes as come exalted dreams  
In hours of holiest ecstacy.

And deep within my inmost soul,  
While all my waiting senses kneel,  
High glories to my view unroll,  
That language fails me to reveal.

A meaning strange and sweet I see  
In every thing, above, around,  
Or in the haze of mystery,  
Or beings simple, or profound ;

The music of the gurgling rill,  
By careless souls not understood ;  
The incense-cups the flowers fill  
With stories of the quiet wood ;

In twilight's mellow distances,  
 The momentary hush of noon,  
 In midnight's mute solemnities,  
 And morn's exhilarating tune;

The pattering feet of dancing rain,  
 Mysterious voices of the wind,  
 In the deep ocean's solemn strain,  
 And deeper ocean of the mind.

As here thy spirit hand I hold,  
 Thy fleshly robes are drawn away,  
 I see thy inner form unfold,  
 From all the windings of its clay.

I see it scarred with wrong, and strife;  
 Malice hath grazed it with her wand,  
 And the fell foes of truest life,  
 In frowning aspect, round it stand.

Oh, heed them not, the senseless horde  
 Who track thee on thy lofty way,  
 Whose blackening thought, and act, and word,  
 Would stain the very heart of day.

Oh, listen to the strain I hear !

It comes, loud swelling, once again,  
And breaks upon my ravished ear,  
A conquering, a victorious strain !

Mark the high triumph of the song,  
Now borne so sweetly on the gale ;  
Ah, never more can False, and Wrong,  
Over the True, and Right, prevail.

Then calmly front the cloud, and storm,  
And work thy work with patient will,  
Faith, Hope, and Love, thy heart shall warm,  
And their own prophecies fulfill.



## THE TWIN ANGELS.



Oh, a little blue-eyed angel  
    Bending from the calm serene,  
Seems she like a sweet Evangel,  
    With her gentle look and mien.

Flaxen are her flowing tresses,  
    Silvery in the sheeny light,  
Not an angel looks, but blesses  
    This young seraph, heavenly bright.

There's another bud of sweetness  
    Hanging just above us now,  
Oh, how rich in their completeness  
    Are her radiant cheek and brow !

Ringlets ebon black, and glossy,  
    Fall her slender waist below,  
As a gauzy mantle flossy,  
    Waving ever to and fro.

And her eyes flash vibratory  
Blackness, like a midnight storm,  
Yet pervaded by a glory  
That irradiates her form.

Arms of argent they are twining,  
Laughing as if full of glee;  
And I inly muse, divining  
Who this younger one may be.

Lo, she bends to me with kisses  
From those lips of ruddy hue;  
They 're our darling little Lizzie's,  
Sweet as morn, with song and dew!

Oh, the rapture of their singing!  
I can almost catch the rhyme,  
All the while their white arms flinging  
Here and there, in keeping time.

Weaving, now, the gayest dances  
With the countless cherubs there;  
In their whirls it often chances  
Lizzie's ringlets frolic where

Lydia's silken locks are flowing,—  
As a cloudlet, pearly white,  
Where the twilight shades are growing,  
Still retains the sun's soft light.

Thus, in all their infant features,  
Married differences shine,  
But so perfect are their natures,  
So entirely intertwine.

In a graceful harmonizing,  
That their blended spirits seem  
As two stars, that, in their rising,  
Twinkle with the self-same gleam.

## RESTORATION.



WE grope through the dark,  
And shrink in dismay,  
From the phantom-eyes stark,  
That glare out on our way:

And we tremble, with fear,  
At our own spirit's tread,  
Clinging fast to some dear  
Hope, withered and dead;

Which, nathless, would hold us  
In fealty still,  
Ever seeking to fold us  
Firm bound to its will:

Till we catch the low tone  
Of a Voice that is clear;  
And the distant Unknown  
Is a luminous Here,

Which kindles our feelings,  
And quickens our sight,  
With glorious revealings  
Of beauty, and light.

And in that awaking,  
We feel the rebound  
From our soul-leap in taking  
A measure profound

Of the chaos, inclosing  
Our innermost sense,  
As Islands reposing  
Mid ocean's Immense.

And, born into duty,  
We walk the new road,  
Through labor to Beauty,  
Through Beauty to God ;

The phantoms of terror  
Fall stricken, and stark,  
And Truth pierces Error,  
Light pierces the Dark.

THERE REMAINETH A REST  
TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

HEBREWS, IV. 9.

---

SWEET promise! the bruised and the sad ones of earth,  
Who are sorrowing under affliction's hard rod,  
This thought—oh, their bosoms may best know its  
worth;

“There remaineth a rest to the people of God!”

Then cheer up, ye mourners, your tears wipe away,  
And lift your sad eyes to that blissful abode;  
Though the fruitage of joy, upon earth, may decay,  
“There remaineth a rest to the people of God!”

Tired pilgrim! oppressed and o'erladen with care,  
Who art toiling in sorrow o'er life's weary road,  
Take courage, press on, never yield to despair;  
“There remaineth a rest to the people of God!”

And you, who in sorrow and suffering pine,  
On couches of sickness ; though anguish corrode,  
Let joy with your sorrow supremely combine,  
“There remaineth a rest to the people of God !”

Thou mother, who mournest, almost in despair,  
Thy daughter, thy darling, consigned to the shroud,  
Oh, yield not to trouble, take refuge in prayer ;  
“There remaineth a rest to the people of God !”

Surrender thy grief to a chastened delight,  
That o'er her pure spirit there comes not a cloud,  
Of sin, or of sorrow, to tarnish its light,  
Where “remaineth a rest to the people of God !”

She moves in white raiment, immortal and fair,  
And though in deep shadow now seems your abode,—  
Her sunlight departed, oh think of her, where  
“There remaineth a rest to the people of God !”

And there thou shalt meet her, and share her embrace,  
With spirits perfected in beauty, and good ;  
Oh, rapture transporting ! oh, infinite Grace !  
“There remaineth a rest to the people of God !”

Thou servant of Christ ! who hast faithfully borne  
The yoke of thy Master, thy weary life-load,  
Remember, though now a sad victim of scorn,  
“ There remaineth a rest to the people of God ! ”

Oh, delectable rest ! most holy, secure,  
To mingle for aye, in that happy abode,  
With those we have loved, with the good, and the pure,  
This rest, holy rest, “ for the people of God ! ”



## HEART-RICH.

---

THY love, how rich in its excess,  
How fervent, and how manifold ;  
Thy overflowing tenderness,  
And sympathetic wealth untold !

Blest spirits from the higher sphere  
Bend lovingly, thy pathway o'er ;  
Angels of beauty linger near,  
Their blessings on thy head to pour.

Think what a privilege it is,  
A life so roseate as thine,  
A treasury of sweetest bliss,  
The largess of a love divine.

I count thy treasures, so replete  
With all that could delight, or bless,  
And, lady ! I can but repeat,  
Thy life should be a blessedness !

In all thy lineaments I trace  
A gentle nature, undefiled  
By the rude storms, that oft efface  
The attributes of Love's sweet child.

Then, in thy very sweetness strong,  
Securely may thy soul rejoice,  
And living gladness swell the song  
To which thy spirit finds a voice.

## A LIFE SYMBOL.



LIKE some mighty river flowing  
Onward to the ocean blue,  
In the sunshine brightly glowing,  
Gleams thy spirit on my view.  
Backward, I its course can follow  
To the fountain whence it sprung,  
In a quiet woodland hollow,  
Where the Fays and Dryads sung.

Oh, how tranquil and how quiet  
Was this sheltered little nook !  
Seemed forever lingering by it,  
Joys, that brightest coloring took.  
Wide its wealth of waters spreading  
To the sun's benignant smile,  
Would it linger, softly shedding,  
Light for lent light, back the while.

Darksome bank, and rock-ledge curbed it,  
Even in its earliest flow,  
And rude rapids oft disturbed it,  
Through its depths and windings low.  
Still forever faster, brighter,  
Sped it on its deep'ning way ;  
Even the nightly dark grew lighter  
With clear promises of day.

Rose at length a towering mountain  
Full before the gentle stream ;  
Backward, to its primal fountain,  
Turned it, with a saddened gleam.  
Then the darkness, and the sadness,  
Chilled its young activities,  
Tempered all its gushing gladness,  
With the taint of sorrow's lees.

Still it might not linger, listless,  
Even in its native glen ;  
Flowing, but no more resistless,  
Stole it on, and on again ;  
But in spite of green hopes, blighted,  
And a young heart's cherished schemes,  
Floating darkly, save when guided  
By the lurid lightning's gleams.

Yet to those who well can render  
The dim riddle of thy life,  
Lurks the strength of manhood, under  
Stagnant calm, and stormy strife.  
Starry thoughts out-twinkle keenly  
On the sky-arch of thy night,  
And the moon, with luster queenly,  
Walks in Feeling's softer light.

But the chilly night is ending ;  
Swiftly comes the ruddy morn ;  
Swifter is thy life-stream, tending  
To its destined ocean-bourn.  
On the hills, already, twitter  
Heralds of approaching day,  
And the curls of morning glitter,  
Where the curtaining dark gives way.

Then, oh then, be strong and fearless !  
Mid thy fellows walk more bold ;  
For, before thy spirit peerless,  
Open glories manifold.  
In the path of noblest duty  
Walk thou, with a manly tread ;  
And the true life's holiest beauty  
Shall a glory on thee shed.

Lesser souls shall catch the assurance,  
Then, that crowns thy life with bliss,  
It will strengthen their endurance,  
Climbing crag, and precipice,  
In endeavor stern, and trying,  
In the conflict with their wrongs,  
Till from lips, all faint with sighing,  
Shall ascend triumphant songs !

Angel arms unseen infold thee,  
And the highest, supreme Heart,  
As a child beloved shall hold thee,  
Pledged to every noble part.  
So I read the divination  
Of thy life stream's changing flow,  
To the glorious consummation  
That the just alone may know.

## FREED!



FATHER, I thank thee! Thou hast called my child  
Back to thyself, and to its home in heaven!  
No more above his bed, in anguish wild,  
Through the dark night-hours will my prayers be  
given ;  
No more at day-break will the dreaded horn,  
From the sick sufferer, summon me away ;  
No more, from his embraces rudely torn,  
I go, despairing, to my gloomy day !  
'T was a rich gift, O Father, that proud boy ;  
Gladdening my bosom with his eye of light ;  
And though in him was centered all life's joy,  
Over its beauty hung a nameless blight !  
But now, my bliss is mixed with no alloy ;  
Now is my darling born an Angel free, and white !

## AN ECSTASY.



OH ! strike the mute lyre !  
Awake its full fire  
Once again ;  
Pour forth, all around,  
That musical sound,  
That sweet strain.

With the last tone's receding,  
Bright angels were speeding,  
Full of love,  
With their pinions spread, fair,  
On the jubilant air,  
Far above.

Breathe softly that strain !  
They are coming again,  
See ye not ?



Softer yet ! they will hear ;  
They are near, very near  
    To this spot.

I can count them ! ah, no !  
For so swiftly they go  
    Trooping by,  
So fitfully gleaming,  
My hot tears are streaming,  
    As they fly.

Softly, soft ! for I know  
They are whispering now ;  
    Ah, the strain !  
Now, seraphic and clear,  
It falls full on mine ear ;  
    And again

Comes another, more loud,  
And see, through that cloud,—  
    Oh my brain !  
How it whirls, as I gaze,  
And my strength, in amaze,  
    Sinks, as slain.

For that strange flood of light  
Has bewildered my sight.

Play no more !

Such a sweet dream of heaven  
To my spirit was given  
Ne'er before.

Ah ! no more I behold,  
For I shiver with cold,  
And ice-chill  
Are the drops on my brow,  
And my blood, in its flow,  
Becomes still !

TO ~~ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.~~



~~Son of the Highest, spirit strong to bless,~~  
~~Fold me more closely in thy pure embrace.~~  
Oh, crowning joy ! above all joys beside,  
To feel, throughout my inmost being, glide  
This influence sweet, so wholly sweet, and high,  
It fills like sunlight all my mental sky.

Thou heart of hearts ! pure, gentle, and benign,  
Strengthen, improve, inspire, this heart of mine,  
As the dull earth the sunbeams penetrate,  
So rays of thine my spirit permeate ;  
And clear, along its veiled way, I trace  
The high unfoldings of the Infinite Grace,  
In thy unfettered, and far-reaching mind,  
Prophet, and Priest, and Lover of thy kind !

O, I could bow in silence, and revere  
One scarcely fettered to this mortal sphere,

Such inward glory sits upon thy brow,  
And, from thy lips, so heavenly teachings flow,  
Timid with awe, at first, I feared to roam  
The exalted sphere which forms thy spirit's home.

Though strength, and greatness, on thy steps attend,  
The gentler virtues with their rigors blend,  
Sweet Love and Wisdom, in thy spirit mild,  
And unassuming as a little child,  
Simple and truthful, earnest and sincere;  
We can but love thee, whom we so revere.

Though all around, as waiting thy command,  
With brows severe, the souls of Wisdom stand,  
Seraphs of Love on wings irradiant fly,  
Flashing athwart the clearness of thy sky,  
In dazzling gleams of such immortal light,  
My eyelids droop to shield my tranced sight.

And now, methinks, more vast the arches grow;  
Oh God! what see I, passing to and fro?  
Beings perfected so beyond compare,  
Filling with fragrance all the ravished air,  
And the wide hum of such entrancing strains,  
The languid blood seems sleeping in my veins!

This deep excess of sweetness pours around  
A flood of glory, and a flood of sound,

Of such melodious, and pervading power,  
'T will date, in me, new eras from this hour,  
Of a more noble sense of high and true,  
More lovely love, and beauty's fairer hue.  
This blessed vision shall return, in gleams,  
Dazzling but soft, to all my golden dreams.  
And spite of sorrow, pain, and inward strife,  
Wreath a bright halo round my future life.

O, gentle spirit! whose serene control  
Moves to exalt and purify my soul;  
Whose inspirations, hopeful and sublime,  
Shall work their purpose to remotest time,—  
If 'tis more blest to give, than to receive,  
Mildest of Mentors, well may I believe,  
The rapturous joys, that on my soul attend,  
This hour, on thee in deeper streams descend.

Ah, yes! I see, as I may ne'er impart,  
How beats thy heart with the Eternal Heart!  
How soul to soul, and mind to mastering mind,  
Thy thoughts, in God, their sphering center find;  
How His high glories, with too rich excess,  
In hearts like thine their veiled beams express,  
Humanely veiled to spare our feebleness;  
While the fair temple, now thy soul's abode,  
Glows with the presence of the living God.

CANZONETTA.

TO LITTLE FLOY.



LEAF, and bud, and blossom,  
As ye spring to birth,  
On the bounteous bosom  
Of our mother earth,  
Ye dispel all sadness,  
Put to flight all care,  
Make delight, and gladness,  
Leap up every where!

Dreary! O, how dreary!  
Were this world of ours,  
And how sad and weary,  
But for the sweet flowers.  
What a dismal glooming  
Darkens every scene  
Where no flowers are blooming,  
Where no leaves are green.

FLOY! within thy bosom,  
Waiting thy command,  
Are leaf, bud, and blossom,  
Ready to expand.  
Thou their growth must cherish,  
Nurture their perfume,  
Or will droop, and perish,  
Leaf, and bud, and bloom.

When thou shalt array them,  
Beautiful and bright,  
Angels shall convey them  
To the realms of light.  
There to bloom forever  
In celestial bowers,  
Where no winter ever  
Blights the precious flowers.

## TEMPEST-TOSSED.



WHEN the wild, wild winds awake from sleep,  
And over the earth in fury sweep,  
From angry sky to bellowing deep,  
Come terror and dismay.

Changing forever, from quick to slow,  
Fearfully loud, or strangely low,  
They fill us with awe, as on they go,  
Enveloped in mystery.

When the dread storm-spirit sends them forth,  
From the far, far regions of the north,  
Earth tremblingly shrinks as if most loth  
To encounter their array.

They hurry along, and laugh, to mock  
The quivering trees, which seem to flock  
Closely together, and wait the shock  
Of the terrible affray!



The proudest ash, and the mighty oak,  
Are shorn of strength by their sturdy stroke,  
And their giant limbs are twirled and broke,  
And in scattered fragments lie.

And feebler ones, that had fondly made  
Their humble homes in its spreading shade,  
Nor felt, in its sheltering arms, afraid,—  
Their shivered honors fly!

As helpless, oh timid soul, art thou,  
And wilt need some sheltering oak, I trow,  
When the storms of life shall fiercely blow,  
In hurricanes on thee.

Look up! look up, to the blest abode!  
Lean on the arm of thy Saviour God,  
Confidingly, as thou walk'st life's road;  
For thy sheltering guide, is He.

Oh yes! but the tension of mind will tire,  
In this upward gaze, and thy soul desire  
One like itself, though it were higher,  
Its Guardian to be.

Ah, ever may friendship over me fling  
The shielding cloak of its sheltering wing;  
A faithful friend is a precious thing,  
And a sacred one to me.

The sweetest thought to my spirit given  
Of our final home in the halls of heaven,  
Is this, that the ties will ne'er be riven,  
Of friends in Eternity.

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## THE LOVE CIRCLE.



NEVER taken for another  
Could he be, thy peerless brother,  
Radiant as eastern skies  
With the crim's'ning of sunrise,  
As, in loving-kindness, he  
Bends a Christ-look over thee.

List ! oh, listen ! he is seeking,  
With a musical, low, speaking,  
Both our spirits to impress  
With the sweetest tenderness ;  
More inspiring me, the while,  
With the sunlight of his smile.

Palpitating nerves, be still !  
Hush thy waywardness, my will !

Pulses, yet more noiseless beat,  
And, as in the heart you meet,  
Let no sudden thrill declare  
All the rapture throbbing there.

Oh, what transports thrill my frame!  
As a glory-kindling flame,  
These divine revealings flow,  
Permeating, through and through,  
All my inmost depths of being,  
Till my life seems fleeing, fleeing.

Hark! he says, or seems to say,  
"Would'st thou heavenly realms survey,  
Leave thy clay, and soar with me,  
Not with fear, but trustingly;  
Every hold on earth let go;  
I will keep thy spirit now."

For a moment I waver to and fro  
As a bird will swing on a swaying bough,  
Then upward, as swift as the rushing storm,  
I am borne, as I cling to his perfect form;  
On, and on, over fields of ether,  
Through limitless realms we soar together!

And now in the midst of a glorious band,  
In the midst of a glorious scene, I stand ;  
His circle above, is a Circle of Love ;  
In the smile of the Father they live, and move ;  
Through my inmost nature its glow I feel,  
As, with reverent love, at His feet I kneel.

“ Father ! dear Father ! ” I joyfully cry,  
And the voice is echoed along the sky ;  
As the sweet appeal to my lip is springing,  
From angel tongues is an anthem ringing,  
And I join in the chorus, “ Oh, Father, dear ! ”  
And lovingly nestle to Him more near.

Now on my forehead rests, gently caressing,  
A nail-scarred hand overfull of blessing.  
And, “ Daughter beloved,” He saith, “ arise ! ”  
As with tearful eyes, in a glad surprise,  
I feel the blessing, a holy presence,  
Thrill my soul to its ultimate essence.

I turn to the beautiful spirit band,  
Where my radiant angel guide doth stand,  
With his glittering wings but half out-spread ;  
And a halo of glory around his head,

That, over his flowing curls of brown,  
Sheds a threefold luster, a triple crown.

Brightest, he seems, of the brilliant throng,  
And as now, with wide wings waved along,  
They are onward borne 'mid the amber clouds,  
Oh, God! how each flashing pinion crowds  
With crimson glories my reeling brain,  
Till my eyelids droop with their weight of pain!

Right hither their rapid way they wing,  
Dear Christ! what a rapturous song they sing!  
Such sounds have never my spirit stirred;  
Oh list; for methinks, I can catch some word,—  
“Love! Love!” is the chorus, and Love the theme;  
Oh, can it be but a fleeting dream!

A golden lyre they have given me;  
I touch its strings in an ecstasy,  
And gushing song from my soul is leaping,  
And two wings start, from my shoulders sweeping;  
With a sudden joy their strength I unfold,  
And am dazzled by gleams of their purple and gold.

Oh beautiful wings! will ye bear me on  
Where the angel band in their flight have gone?

Methinks their pinions, for me, they stay ;  
Ah, yes ! and they beckon to call me away ;  
I am heard ! like a bird I am gayly up-winging  
My flight, through the light, 'mid the perfumes and  
singing.

Stay ! stay for a moment ! blest vision of light,  
Let me know, ere I go, if I see thee aright.  
I snuff the old earth-air, its vapors I view  
Surrounding the band of my loved ones, and true ;  
The choir of the angels grows dim, and more dim,  
The fairest fades last, till I lose even him.

Give, angel ! I pray thee, some delicate token,  
Reminding of thee, when this spell shall be broken ;  
Some beauty that here, in thy heaven, had its birth,  
Which I may bear with me, to gladden my earth ;  
And grant, gentle spirit, again that I come  
To this Circle of Love, in thy radiant home.

## THE RIVULET.



A LITTLE stream went flowing,  
And twittering, toward the sea,  
With little flowerets blowing  
Beside it, tenderly.  
Tall trees, their arms above it  
With sheltering kindness spread;  
Right well did sunbeams love it,  
And genial smiles they shed.

The earth unvailed her bosom  
That she might shield its flow,  
And leaping bud, and blossom,  
Kissed oft, its placid brow.  
The still and solemn midnight  
Its holy influence lent;  
With the sacred moon's half-hid light,  
And whispering star beams blent.



All heavenly visitations,  
    To gladden the sweet stream,—  
All wreathed exhalations,  
    Were mingled with its dream.  
The silent darkness doubled,  
    Just ere the morning broke,  
Its seeming depth, untroubled,  
    Till a breezy laughter woke.  
The twilight oft would linger,  
    Entranced, above it long,  
As a maid, with lifted finger,  
    Stands listening to a song.

Its evening song was rarest  
    Of any, through the day,  
When sunny beams, the fairest,  
    Would steal back from their way  
Up the western hills, and over,  
    To kiss its brow of night;  
And each reluctant lover,  
    Ere yet he took his flight,—  
In purple, and pink, and yellow,  
    In crimson and in blue,  
In every shading mellow,  
    And pleasing to the view,

Would deck himself with splendor,  
As a gorgeous Son of Light,  
And with a blush, most tender,  
Would whisper a low "Good-night!"

The plants and tree-roots twining,  
Through dry earth, parched with thirst,  
Would drink, and their fruits, into shining  
And beautiful globes, would burst.  
No poisonous leaf or blossom,  
Distained its tranquil flow,  
Though on its lovely bosom  
They floated, to and fro,  
And because it ever went gliding  
Round rock, and crag, and hill,  
Some said 't was faithless, biding  
No certain course, or will.

Its motions were so noiseless,  
The bubbles, as they broke  
On the pebbly brink, leapt voiceless;  
Not an Echo-nymph awoke,  
Till its laughing cascades, bounding,  
Went down the hills with a leap,

Such a gleesome music sounding  
That the Naiads sprang from sleep,  
And thus, with a trancéd motion,  
An even step, and true,  
Life's flowery vale, to the ocean,  
It danced and twittered through.

## RECOGNITION.

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LADY! as one, amid the admiring throng  
Of worshipers, I fain would pour a song  
Of love and gratitude, though faint to tell  
The echoing strains that in my bosom swell,  
And the sweet influence that is o'er me thrown,  
As thrills, through mine, thy soul's melodious tone.

I see thee walking, hand in hand, with Fame ;  
I hear the throbbings of the loud acclaim  
Of souls, who, at the tremblings of thy lyre  
Catch inspiration from its chords of fire ;  
Whilst thou, in regnant beauty, as a queen,  
Rul'st in all hearts, with dignity serene.

Oh, could my song give language to my heart,  
What answering music from thy own would start!  
But my untutored tongue is poor, and weak,  
The silent victories of thy soul to speak.

I will not soar to match my harp with thine,—  
But little lakes reflect the great sunshine,  
And little birds, with chirping carols gay,  
Herald the coming of the King of Day ;  
So bubbling, twittering, stammering, I try  
To teach my lyre some fitting melody,  
Or yet some prayer, in deep'ning love, to pour  
That God may keep, and bless thee, evermore

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.



AH, hast thou borne the load of care,  
That weighs the spirit down?  
Drank the black waters of despair,  
Thy every hope that drown?

Seen all the stars of joy go out,  
As, one by one, they sank  
Into the soundless sea of doubt,  
Leaving thy heavens a blank?

Felt, as a flame, the darkness burn  
Into thy fainting heart,  
And could nor sun, nor moon discern,  
Their healing to impart?

Felt darksome doubts, and nameless fears,  
    Crowding upon thy brain,  
While the deep fount of mellowing tears  
    Withheld refreshing rain ?

Felt in thy soul as desolate,  
    Unfriended, and alone,  
As chained, by some relentless fate,  
    To the Promethean stone ?

Ah, yes ! the vulture's beak I see  
    Smite on thy spirit form,  
And the swift hail of agony,  
    And sorrow's whelming storm !

Thy cherished hope, and love, and pride,  
    Like reeds are cloven down ;  
While doubt and dark despair, allied,  
    In clouds of horror frown.

Still I feel a painful wonder  
    That a spirit, formed as thine,  
Had not trod its trials under,  
    With a potency divine.

He, thy loved one, early sinking  
In the frost of wint'ry skies,  
That bright boy, so early drinking  
Of the wines of Paradise,—

Now a radiant angel, roving  
In a sphere of perfect bliss,—  
Would'st thou he were longer proving  
The heart-wasting cares of this ?

No, thou readest not so dimly  
Of the Future, of the Now ;  
With new trust, and love, supremely  
Feel'st, upon thy spirit brow,

The serene inspiring glances,  
Beaming from his heavenly eye ;  
Every feeling it entrances  
To a sweet intensity.

With a pure, exalted mission,  
Pallid suffering comes to thee ;  
Let it speak the full expression  
Of its destined ministry.



Oh, behold ! he stands before us,  
Dazzling to our mental sight,  
As his presence kindles o'er us  
Flashes of bewildering light ;

Of a sunshine, radiating  
All my inmost spirit through ;  
Of a love-fire, consecrating  
All, with baptism pure, and true.

Oh ! I bless thee noble spirit,  
For the vision thou hast given ;  
That, through thee, we now inherit  
Still another hold on heaven.

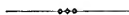
In my soul comes such a longing  
To untwine this fleshly coil,  
So to join the spirits, thronging  
On the Paradisean soil !—

Yet it is not well to cherish  
Such intensity of fire ;  
So, with the sweet vision, perish  
All this over-wrought desire !

Therefore, oh, afflicted mother,  
Thou hast wisely, bravely done,  
Sorrow in thy soul to smother,  
For this beatific son.

All the past, with peace, surrender;  
Crown the present with new joy;  
And thy latest pang shall render,  
To thy arms, thy darling Boy!

## AN INFANT REMINISCENCE.



Oh, mother in heaven! thy daughter bends low;  
I come, dearest mother, as once, long ago,  
In a sweet baby-dream, I clung to thy breast,  
And found there, dear mother, the holiest of rest.

'T was a cold night of winter, the wild winds were free;  
With terror I turned to my father, but he,  
Engaged with his book, heeded not how the blood,  
Forsaking my cheek, and brow, motionless stood

At the heart's trembling portals, in silence profound,  
How my pale lips kept moving, but uttered no sound;  
I climbed to his knee, put my cheek to his cheek,  
Pressed my lips to his lips, but, alas! could not speak!

"Off, child! and be quiet," impatient he cried;  
I turned to my mother, and knelt by her side,  
At her low rocking-chair, where, asleep on her breast,  
A sweet baby-sister all fondly was pressed.

My arts were unheeded, or coldly put by,  
To catch for one moment the glance of her eye;  
Then I sought my brave brother, his brow wore a  
frown,—

My coming had tumbled his play-houses down.

Then sorrowful, into my cradle I crept,  
Hid my face in the pillow, and sobbed till I slept.  
In my sleep, dearest mother! I saw thy calm face:  
The same smile was on it that ever I trace

On those love-lighted features, for often, since then,  
When my life has been burdened with sorrow and pain,  
Thus bent thou above me; thus, over my soul,  
Shed the light of thy love, with a boundless control.

Ever hold me, dear angel! as closely as now,  
Let me feel, as distinctly, thy hand on my brow;  
Oh, give me to know that in waking, or sleeping,  
My spirit is still in thy motherly keeping.

When my garments of flesh shall be folded away,  
May I live in thy presence forever, and aye,  
Forever and aye, on thy bosom to rest,  
In mansions of glory, at home with the blest.

## HEAVENLY PEACE.



Oh light, intensely golden,  
Yet mellow in its hue,  
How softly it is molten  
In the empyrean blue!

Oh, spirits bright, I hail ye!  
Companions of my way,  
No danger can assail me,  
Where'er my footsteps stray.

Oh, angels! most entrancing  
Are your supernal charms,  
As, lovingly advancing,  
Ye wave your snowy arms.

Oh, white wings, gently soothing  
My lips, and cheek, and brow,  
Serenely ye are soothing  
My wildest fancies now!

Oh, mother, queen of Heaven,  
Thy smiles upon me rest ;  
Once more to me is given  
To slumber on thy breast.

Oh, slumber most alluring,  
All heavenly and divine ;  
Oh, peace for aye enduring,  
Joy ! joy ! that it is mine.

TO SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.



PARDON me, lady ! O sweet sister mine,  
For sooth, I may not, if I would, confine  
Within my heart, affection's earnest gush,  
Such floods of feeling through my being rush.

I love thee, lady ! and have loved thee long ;  
And every utterance of thy simplest song  
Finds, in my soul, an echo warm and true,  
And clearly opens, to my mental view,  
Thy spirit's quiet and exalted home,  
Whither good angels love so well to come,  
And often, lady, from the realms of thought,  
A votive offering I to thee have brought,  
But when, all trembling, I approached the shrine  
Where burned a fire so lofty and divine,  
I feared my gift too simple was to place  
Beside the first-fruits which that altar grace,  
And I have turned, reluctantly, away,  
With loitering steps, unwilling to obey.

But now I view thee as a sister soul,  
And journey with thee to the self-same goal,  
I feel new life through all my pulses start,  
While thus I read the pages of thy heart,  
Rarely to mortals, 'in this nether sphere,  
Come revelations so exceeding clear.  
Thy spirit's features I as plainly trace  
As, in a mirror, my reflected face.  
Would that my soul might be unvail'd thus,  
That my flesh garments were as luminous!

One moment more, dear lady, I intrude ;  
Oh, deem me not presumptuous, vain, or rude ;  
Unskilled, unlettered, is this heart of mine,  
Simple and childish, when compared with thine ;  
Yet see ! this harp, which is at my command,  
Was strung and given me by an angel's hand,  
Who taught me all the beatific skill,  
To wake its numbers whensoe'er I will ;  
And listen, lady ! as, that skill to prove,  
Across the silken strings my fingers move.

Oh, hearest thou the rapturous tones that flow  
From its ethereal chords ! while on heaven's brow  
The angels listen, or, with waving wing,  
Send back, responsive, the sweet songs they sing !



Their choral theme, transcendently sublime,  
Is the ascending, glorious march of time,  
Whose mingling numbers rise, and fall, and swell,  
Like the high pealings of a minster bell.  
Would we more perfect, and harmonious grow,  
Thought, word, and action, thus should interflow,  
Keeping full concord, and symphonious time,  
With heaven, and earth, and ocean's mystic chime.

## U N C H A N G E D .



THEY who profess the floral tongues to know,  
Say that each blossom hath one, all its own ;  
That from the lips of this, forever flow  
The prophecies of change ; that in its tone  
There lurks a sadness, such as loved ones feel  
When those who loved them have become estranged.  
But these fair leaves no waning faith conceal,  
They bear the language of a heart unchanged  
To thee, Queen Helen ! from my golden bowers ;  
Full of the memories of the treasured past,  
These crimson leaflets of bignonia flowers  
Trembling with rapture, at thy feet I cast,  
Thou canst discern the deeper sense, that lies  
Wreathed in their heart, unseen of unanointed eyes.

## IRENE.

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BEAUTIFUL, tender,  
And gentle IRENE!  
Oh, wilt thou surrender,  
With spirit serene,  
A life, bright and vernal,  
In freshness of youth,  
For riches eternal,  
Of goodness and truth?  
Wilt thou bow thy sweet head  
At the summoning voice  
Of Him who hath said,  
“Come to me and rejoice!  
When sorrows attend thee,  
In sickness, or woe,  
For I will befriend thee,  
And lead thee to know

That Peace which, descending,  
Flows on like a river,  
So blending, unending,  
Sweet harmonies, ever."

Though whirlwinds are raging,  
And rude tempests sweep,  
And the elements waging  
Wild war on the deep,  
His Infinite Will  
All their fury can stay,  
His low "Peace be still!"  
They forever obey.

Then, calm with assurance,  
Repose on His breast;  
Be strong in endurance;  
He giveth thee rest.  
His angels He sendeth  
On thee to attend;  
Above thee He bendeth,  
A father, and friend.  
In each trial hour,  
As a radiant zone,  
His right arm of power  
Around thee is thrown.

A Saviour, now wearing  
His Infinite charms,  
As a lambkin, is bearing  
Thy soul in His arms ;  
Or, borne on His bosom,  
To regions above,  
Thou shalt be as a blossom  
Of goodness and love,  
In His garden of beauty  
Forever to bloom,  
In the green strength of duty,  
And love's own perfume.

We will not forget thee  
Our darling IRENE  
But, star-jeweled, set thee  
As light of each scene ;  
In our hearts, a dear treasure,  
Thine image shall live,  
Where a holier pleasure  
No future can give ;  
Thy love will bloom sweetly,  
Thy memory be green,  
Till, deathless, we meet thee,  
Our darling IRENE !

## THE LIFTED VAIL.



OH, Lady ! lift thy mournful eyes ;  
Why should despair so blind their sight ?  
See ! yonder, in the red'ning skies,  
Wrestles the all-controlling light.  
Angels, to minister relief,  
Are bending from the calm above ;  
Oh, fleetly, may this chilling grief  
Yield to the influence of their love.

Dear Lady, very well I know  
Thy inner life is clouded o'er  
With a benumbing, deadening woe,  
A clinging mist on sea and shore ;  
Though from thy suffering heart will fall  
The mellow notes of hope, and cheer,  
And thy pale hand would lift the pall  
That darkens o'er the stricken, here.

A heavenly prophecy I bear,  
Of Peace, upon my spirit lips,  
Thou canst discern the ocean where  
Its polished wings, that halcyon dips.  
It comes to teach that strength divine  
Shall triumph o'er this martyrdom,  
And that high victory shall be thine,  
Which but to struggling souls can come.

Already hath the darkness flung  
Apart her mantle, torn and gray,  
And, though the dawn hath feebly sprung,  
'T will culminate to perfect day.  
Be patient then, for, bravely borne,  
Shall Triumph on thy banners rest,  
And the dark demon hence be torn,  
That clings, a nightmare, to thy breast.

Divinest joys my spirit fill  
While thus I pierce the darkness through,  
And see thy future clear, and still,  
And beautiful, as the deep sky's blue.  
As thy dissolving gloom I scan,  
With a most earnest spirit glance,  
The wings of warder angels fan  
My cheek, and deeper grows the trance.

A spirit form is near us now,  
Of manly presence, proud and bold,  
The language of his ample brow  
Is full of histories untold.  
He draws thee to his heart of hearts,  
His arms around thee gently twine,  
And the delicious strain imparts  
To thee, a prescience Divine.

No longer weak, thou standest up,  
With heart redeemed from loss, and doubt ;  
Smiling, thou drink'st the mingled cup  
The angel of thy life pours out.  
Strength, born of weakness, shall be thine,  
Hope, from the anguish of despair,  
The faith, and power, of love divine,  
Shall all the erring past repair.



## CROSS AND CROWN.



DEEP within thy inmost spirit,  
Where the herds of rough, and rude,  
Can not drink, nor browse anear it,—  
Far from all that would intrude,

Lies a waveless, sunny, lakelet,  
So serenely crystalline,  
Earthly voices can not wake it  
From its silences divine.

Birds of brightest hues are winging  
O'er its bosom hushed, and still,  
While the raptures of their singing  
Its profoundest waters thrill.

Earnest hopes, and sportive wishes,  
Round in circling eddies turn;  
Playful fancies, like bright fishes,  
Glitter in the Naiad's urn.

When discordant tones, or voices  
From the outward, to thee come,  
Undisturbed, thy soul rejoices  
In this quiet spirit-home.

God is ever very tender  
Of a soul incased like thine,  
In a frame so frail and slender;  
And our angel-friends incline,

Evermore, to shield, and cherish,  
One whose life must pine, and wait,—  
Leaving no sweet hope to perish  
Under a relentless fate.

Suffering is a purifier,  
If we will not shrink, and make  
More intense the scathing fire  
By vain strugglings at the stake.

What if, for life's little hour,  
Fleshly chains are round us thrown?  
See we not, it is the power  
By which martyrs win their crown?

Ruder souls would bear, unfeeling,  
Shocks that stun thy every sense,  
Standing firm, while thou wert reeling  
With an agony intense.

Still in musing, as I ponder  
O'er life's deeply hidden things,  
Evermore there comes the wonder,  
Whence are its exhaustless springs?

Whence the latent strength, upspringing  
In such gentle, timid souls?  
A bright halo o'er them flinging,  
Which, before our eyes, unrolls

The sublime, and startling, histories  
Of their unseen, inner life,  
Deep revealings, deeper mysteries,  
With untold experience rife?

And One answers, in a murmur  
Of subdued delight, and saith,  
Clay may fail, but hearts grow firmer,  
By their inbred Love and Faith;  
Clay may die, but souls grow firmer,  
Soaring, victors over death!

## HUMAN LOVE.



Father in Heaven ! permit me, as I may,  
To bring an offering, simple though it be,  
Upon the shrine of human love to lay,  
Whereby my soul exalts itself to Thee.  
Now bending low, I ask, imploringly,  
That I this silent power may never lose ;  
Then confident in faith, adoringly  
I gladden in the strength of its repose,—  
The power that makes us more akin to Thee,  
The highest, sweetest power to spirits born,  
To love, love only, even should there be  
For us, but wrong, injustice, hate and scorn,  
Father, I pray Thee, may we ever prove  
This Omnipresence of Omnipotent Love.

## THE DARK RIVER.

---

ONCE, over my sleeping,  
This vision came sweeping:  
I wandered alone by a deep river's side;  
Their white arms entwining,  
The Naiads, reclining  
On the breast of the waters, did glide.

Above them, low bending,  
The wood-nymphs were blending  
Their long shining tresses, that flowingly swept  
The wavelets' soft bosom,  
Where leaflet and blossom  
Were rocked to and fro, as they slept.

And here, as I strayed  
With courage dismayed  
By the sorrows that over me came in a throng,  
A Nymph, with a face  
Full of sweetness and grace,  
Sat singing an exquisite song.

And as I drew near,  
Stooping forward to hear  
The words of her low and melodious singing,  
She raised her soft eyes,  
Full of pleasant surprise,  
To mine, and suddenly flinging

Her arms, white as snow,  
Around me, the flow  
Of her jubilant music rose higher, and higher,  
Till rapture my brain  
Thrilled with consummate pain,  
And kindled each sense as with fire !

Then, tightening her hold,  
Adown through the cold  
Shining darkness of waters we sank, O ! I shiver  
And shudder, even now,  
And damp is my brow,  
As I think of that dark flowing river !

For we sank with the speed  
Of the rushing storm-steed,  
Through the waters around us that spun with a hiss;  
And the cold, as a dart,  
Sent a pang to my heart,  
Yet thrilled with a transport of bliss.

Above and below,  
The stars, to and fro,  
As sentinels moved round the slumbering stream ;  
But their soft, wavy light,  
On the ripples fell bright,  
In spirals of silvery gleam.

With merriest glances,  
And gracefulest dances,  
Fair forms, all around us, wheeled on with the tide.  
“ Oh give *me* a lyre,  
Sweet souls! and inspire  
Such joy in my bosom,” I cried.

Suddenly I seemed uplifted,  
And with them I slowly drifted,  
Amid melodies ecstatic ;  
And the lyre my touch obeying,  
I, with them, was sweetly playing  
Symphonies and airs erratic.

And my lips, too, were unsealed,  
And to me there were revealed  
Canticles of Love Divine ;  
And I chanted one sweet strain  
O'er and o'er, and o'er again,  
Ever, thus, to make it mine.

But their songs I might not bring  
Through the life-tide's weltering,  
Though the vision's light will stay,  
And the memory of the singing  
Will my soul revisit, bringing  
Bright and beauteous thoughts, always.

O, the rapture of my waking  
From that slumber ! day was breaking,  
And the heavens were all aglow ;  
Light upon the eastern skies  
Flashed, as heavenly prophecies,  
And a voice distinct, though low,

Whispered to my spirit-ear,  
" Be of good and sunny cheer ;  
Let thy cares and sorrows cease,  
Though life's waters, deep and cold,  
Darkly over thee have rolled,  
Brief is their ungentle power,  
And within thy soul, this hour,  
Angels sing of love and peace.



## THE BRIGHT RIVER.



WHAT discordances chaotic  
Still dispute with us the way ;  
How the senses rule, despotic,  
Bartering the soul's life away ;  
While all false and baseless Fay-dreams  
Creep like truths into the heart,  
Banishing the fairest day-beams  
That would purer light impart.

Thus the homes which we inherit,—  
Beautiful beyond compare,—  
Harbor, each, a crouching spirit,  
All too weak to will, or dare !  
And our eyes we're ever closing  
To the light, so freely given,  
'Mid inglorious joys reposing,  
All unmindful of our Heaven,

And the angels hovering o'er us,  
    Beckoning us, so kindly, on—  
Blessed spirits, who, before us,  
    To the blissful realms have gone.

Oh, my sisters! oh, my brothers!  
    Walking blindfold in the dark,  
Know ye not how falsehood smothers,  
    In your souls, each vital spark?  
Will ye not arouse you, breaking  
    From the bondage of the clay?  
Long ago the morn was waking  
    To a more transcendent day.

On the walls of heaven are walking  
    Angels of immortal birth,  
Bending down the azure, talking,  
    Face to face, with souls on earth.  
They have waited long, to bless us,  
    Full of tenderness and care,  
Scattering in our paths all precious  
    Flowers of joy, that blossom where  
Love's celestial founts are springing,  
    Nourished by ambrosial showers,  
And all bright winged birds are singing  
    In the incense-freighted bowers.

Ay, and they would greet us, telling  
Of the holier things they see,  
In the glory-lighted dwelling  
Of Incarnate Deity !

Lo, a bridge of light is skying  
Death's transparent river-flow !  
And the pebbles, under-lying,  
Glitter in the deeps below.  
Never more shall it grow turbid  
From the storms of grief and care ;  
Unbelief no more disturb it,  
Nor the blackness of despair.

Even the bubbling of its foam is  
With a mystic charm endued,  
And a bow of sweetest promise  
Hangs above it, seven-hued ;  
And the meaning of its flowing  
Waxes ever more divine,  
And the sands, beneath it glowing,  
Are of pearl, and crystalline.

Sweetly flowing, tranquil river !  
Gliding, noiseless, on thy way,  
Never more from thee, forever,  
Shall we shrink, in fear, away.

Oh, sweet river ! as we 're gliding  
So serenely down thy stream,  
Seems it as in one abiding,  
All-entrancing, glory-dream !  
Death, thou angel of pure brightness,  
Death, thou vision of delight,  
Though our souls were ne'er so sightless,  
Thou wilt turn to day their night.

As a young babe, sweetly sleeping  
In the mother's fond embrace,  
We consign unto thy keeping  
All the loved of time and place,  
There is rapture in but thinking  
Of thy river of life sublime,  
Where we'll stoop with angels, drinking  
In the blissful after-time.

Thus, oh, thus then, slowly drifting,  
Drifting, drifting, slowly on,  
Where the glorious arch is lifting,  
Through which our beloved have gone,—  
Underneath it floating slowly,  
Slowly floating, floating slow,  
Through resplendent scenes of glory,  
Where melodious rivers flow,—

Now with swifter, swifter motion,  
    Swaying with the swaying tide,—  
Onward, to the shoreless ocean  
    Of eternity, we glide!  
Ocean, ruffled but by rimplings  
    Of sweet airs from odorous Isles,  
And the drowsy, dallying dimplings  
    Of the wingéd zephyr's smiles.

Oh, so blissful are the gleamings,  
    Gleamings of the bliss to be,  
So delicious the dear dreamings,  
    Dreamings of Eternity,  
That the rapturous revealings  
    Antedate their heaven in me,  
And, in hallowing all my feelings,  
    Flood them with sweet ecstacy.

## THE VIOLET.



A VIOLET, buried in deep woods, am I,  
Quietly nestled in my solitude,  
Loving the voices of the true and good ;  
With petals open to the kindly sky,  
I drink the glimpsing light, and twinkling dew,  
Shed from the Father's ever-bounteous hand,  
Who looks upon me with a smile, so bland  
It fills my vailéd heart with odors new.  
Not for the world's applauses would I grow  
In any spot less hallowed by His love,  
Though gaudier grandeurs round my home might glow,  
And flowers, more beauteous, proudly nod above ;  
No ! the green darkness of my dell is dear  
For the Great Love that clings so warmly round me here.

## L A T E N T   J O Y .



IN the solemn depths of this soul of thine  
Bright jewels of Fancy serenely shine,  
With gems of Thought, of a hue divine.

As I wander on 'mid its sunny bowers,  
I find the brightest, and sweetest flowers,  
Whose beauty would gladden life's saddest hours.

But, alas ! a canker will soonest come  
To the rarest plant, and the fairest bloom ;  
Then cherish, ere perish, the fleet perfume

That over thy spirit waves, and floats,  
With the measured music of singing thoughts,  
And the pealing of feeling's loftiest notes.

Oh, suffer it not that gloomy thought  
Should sully the joy, or cast a blot  
On the high, clear sky of thy changing lot.

The hallowed hopes that over thee brood,  
And the perfumed breath of thy womanhood,  
As the blessed deeds of the true, and good,

Are shedding forever, around thy way,  
An odor of sweetness, and love, that aye  
Grows deeper, and sweeter, all the day!

I feel in a sacred, a charmed spot,  
And into its depths I would venture not,  
Save with spirit redeemed from stain and blot.

A power of re-vision is over me cast ;  
I tread with thee through a darkened past,  
Where gleams and glooms give a strange contrast.

Is the sense of thy guardian's symbol clear ?  
Was thy childhood darkened with doubt and fear,  
And the blistering fogs of untimely care ?

Was thy little bosom rudely tossed  
By pangs relentless, and fond hopes crossed,  
Till thy childish faith was almost lost ?



Still canst thou remember sweet glimpses of blue,  
When the somber clouds let the sunlight through,  
With shimmer, and glimmer, to gladden thy view !

And there were moments, when gladness came  
Into thy heart, as a leaping flame,  
And joy, bright joy ! was no longer a name.

Ay, there were times when a purpose high  
Shone on thy cheek and lip, burned in thine eye,  
And thy proud heart beat triumphantly !

I tremble, abashed, and am half afraid,  
The daedalous paths of thy heart to thread,—  
The secret heart of a fair, young maid !

And down, over many a sacred scene,  
Over many a closed, and hallowed spot,  
Thy guardian angel lets fall a screen,  
And, with gentle tone, says, “ Enter it not ! ”

But she silently points to a fearful weight  
That over thy heart’s young hope was hung,  
And tells how the cruel hand of Fate,  
From that heart, the bitterest drops hath wrung.

She holds a wreath of thy past to me;  
Oh ! say, is the garland's symbol true ?  
Mid the brightest buds, and blossoms free,  
Are cypress leaves, and the twigs of yew !

But sorrow itself hath a mission high ;  
And Hope's defeats are not all in vain ;  
Some joy is latent in every sigh,  
Some pleasure responds to the keenest pain.

The past shall serve, as a winding stair,  
To action still more noble, and true ;  
And the galling chains of an old despair  
Hold the golden seal of a promise new !

## THE OAK.



TINY little ACORN! underneath the ground,  
Working out a problem, solemnly profound!

SHOOT! of simplest beauty, frail as thou art fair,  
Meekly giving utterance to the acorn's prayer;

Lightly springing SAPLING, promising so much,  
Ever swaying, gracefully, to the zephyr's touch;

TREE! of fair proportions, slender, lithe, and strong,  
Giving back the chorus of the wild wind's song;

Pride of all the forest, tree acknowledged king,  
When the storms are sorest, when the tempest's bring,

From the dreary northland, all their fearful force,  
And thy fellows tremble from their furious course;

Bald to rebel winter, garlanded in spring,  
OAK ! in all thy changes, nurtured to be king ;

Regally majestic, thou dost wear thy crown,  
Laughing loud, and scornfully, at the Storm-god's  
frown.

## THE CONSECRATION.



Lo, at midnight, to my slumbers  
Came a dream of bliss, to me ;  
And in soft, harmonious numbers,  
Will I whisper it to thee.

I a vigil had been keeping,  
Thinking she would surely come ;  
When I lost myself in sleeping,  
And my thoughts were gathered home.

Soon I saw, above me bending,  
A fair form of radiant light,  
Every beauteous charm was lending  
In her features heavenly bright.

Thus she spake : “ O, would'st thou know me ?  
Seek thou not the fearful spell  
That o'ereast my life's sad story,  
If thou lovest ‘ L. E. L.’

“But, O let thy spirit, rather,  
Seek companionship with mine,  
Where no storms can ever gather,  
In the light of Love Divine !

“For, believe me, gentle maiden,  
None that story ever knew ;  
Deep within my heart, grief-laden,  
It was hid from mortal view.

“And if thus my soul is speaking  
Of the griefs that once were mine,  
It is but to curb the seeking  
Of that earnest heart of thine.

“For no mortal pen hath written,  
Yet, the inmost history  
Of one loving heart. How fitting  
Then, my soul should counsel thee.

“But enough. I come to take thee  
Where diaphanous rivers flow,  
There my spirit friends await me  
Come, arise ! and let us go !”

Then her strength must have been married  
To some other than her own ;  
As an infant was I carried  
In her arms' encircling zone ;  
Till before a gate we tarried,  
Which, anon, was open thrown.

Forth, from the open gate, there came  
Two figures, clad in robes of flame ;  
To her spake one, whose godlike tone  
Assured me it was Washington ;  
The other smiled on me, and then  
I recognized the soul of Penn.

To me he said, " Why this surprise ?  
Why tears within thy spirit's eyes ?  
And wherefore tremble thus ?  
Spirit, we come thy strength to prove,  
And bless thee for thy earnest love,  
And truth so luminous.

" Be strong in patience, to endure,  
Thou hast a mission high, and pure ;  
Be faithful to fulfill,  
For, oft as dewy eve, will fall  
That warning voice, so still and small,  
That tells the Father's will,

“And know, that through the whirl of care,  
The feeblest whisper of thy prayer  
    Will reach the ear of heaven ;  
And let it cheer thee in thy task,  
For what thy spirit thus shall ask,  
    To thee it shall be given.

“Commissioned Teacher ! be it thine  
To show the inward power divine  
    That Lights the willing heart ;  
Sweet Inspiration’s guiding ray,  
Which clearly points the better way,  
    Seek purely to impart.

“A Prophet of that Faith, I see  
Forecast, its perfect victory ;  
    And thou, in gentleness,  
In purity of love, I ween,  
Unwavering trust, and hope serene,  
    May be its Prophetess !”

My head was resting on his knee,  
His hand caressing, fatherly,  
    My flowing hair smoothed down ;  
When, singling out a random tress,  
He kissed it with deep tenderness,  
    And said in gentle tone :



“I will not cut the tress away,  
But bid the little mentor stay—  
    Memorial of Penn,  
Whose tongue shall bless thy going forth  
To teach God’s glory upon earth,  
    Peace, and good will to men !”

Then Washington and L. E. L.  
Came to us ; filled with awe, I fell,  
    In trembling at his feet ;  
“Maiden arise, arise !” said he,  
“Behold a brother soul, in me,  
    Coming thine own to greet.”

To raise me, gently stooping down,  
He said, with deprecative tone,  
    “Banish this foolish fear ;  
The tranquil and harmonious flow  
Of Love’s pure stream we, only, know,  
    Who dwell within this sphere.”

He laid his hand upon my brow,  
A chilling shudder ran me through ;  
    And, down my inmost soul,  
A voiceful silence seemed to creep ;  
My trance became more fixed and deep,  
    Beneath his strong control.

“Behold !” he said ; I looked, and lo !  
Whole armies, marching to and fro,  
    Before my startled eyes ;  
I heard the terrifying crash,  
The cannon’s roar, the stunning clash,  
    That rent the shuddering skies !

I saw the desolating crush,  
The hopeless, the despairing rush  
    Of soul’s, by terror racked ;  
The want, and woe, and cankering care,  
Ruin and death, that every where,  
    By tears, and blood, were tracked !

This horror passed ; and lo, I stood  
Within a dark and gloomy wood.

“Behold !” my Leader saith.  
I looked, but sickened, turned away ;  
For there a murdered traveler lay,  
    Wrestling alone with death !

Onward we journeyed, coming where  
Loud shouts, and laughter, filled the air,  
    And thoughtless thousands flocked ;  
A gallows lifted, to the sky,  
God’s image in humanity,  
    That winds, irreverent, rocked !

Oh, murder's self had not the power,—  
Nor all the evil battles shower  
    Along their blood-stained sod,—  
To match this agonizing sight,  
Done in the name of Law and Right,  
    Done in the name of God !

Still on we went, and reached, at length,  
A city, glorious in strength,  
    The pride of all the earth ;  
But even a fiend would blush to name  
The wrong, and woe, the crime, and shame,  
    That in its heart had birth !

There man, his brother man betrayed,  
Hatred, distrust, and envy, made  
    Within its walls, their nest ;  
Lust, avarice, pride, and dark deceit,  
Seemed with each other to compete,  
    In every human breast.

Religion ! over me there falls  
A dark'ning shadow, like a pall's,  
    As of her shame I speak !  
From all her churches rang no Law,  
The weak to cheer, the bad to awe,  
    She was so shorn and weak !

Thither the purse-proud worshiper,  
And his sleek priest with silken stir,  
Came, every Sabbath day,  
Together, in each stately hall,  
On God, in hollow words, to call,  
And publicly to pray.

No entrance for the humble poor !  
None but the rich find open door ;  
Jesus himself might wait !  
Wan memory shudders to reveal  
The records which their hearts conceal,  
Of Pomp's delusive state.

With grief I turned to Washington,  
Whose face was radiant as a sun ;  
"And is there then, no cure?  
Nothing but wickedness?" I cried,  
"Whereby the Good is crucified ;  
And must it thus endure?"

"Yes! till, with tongues of living flame,  
God's ministers this truth proclaim,—  
'Love is the life of good,  
The only medicine we can give  
Is, teaching men the art to live  
In human brotherhood.'

“Then maiden, on thy mission go!  
God on thy soul will strength bestow,  
    This principle to teach;  
Till every soul, in every other,  
Shall recognize a spirit brother,  
    This living gospel preach.”

He ceased; and as rich music, then,  
Fell on my ear the voice of Penn;  
    “Yea, bid all men rejoice;  
For lo, the heavens are bending now,  
And they who listen, kneeling low,  
    May hear Jehovah’s voice.

“And revelations deep, and clear,  
Will come to every willing ear,  
    With soul-inspiring good;  
While spirits of the glorified  
Shall walk, each loving soul beside,  
    In closest brotherhood.

“Rejoice! thou hast a winning speech,  
Men’s wiser, better thoughts, to reach;  
    Then, evermore, proclaim  
This gospel to the erring earth,  
Of brotherhood, and spirit-birth,  
    In God’s most holy name.”

In the dissolving of the trance  
I saw a graceful spirit-dance,  
    A brilliant festive scene ;  
Glad spirits glided to and fro,  
To music's undulating flow ;  
    And in each pause, between,  
  
A loftier symphony I heard ;  
And, as I tried to catch some word  
    Of the sweet interlude,  
These heavenly echoes sprang to birth,  
"Glory to God ! and peace on earth !  
    And Human Brotherhood !"

AVE MARIA.

---

OH thou, my spirit friend,  
Sweet mother! as I bend  
    Heart and knee,  
Teach what my tongue shall say,  
That I aright may pray  
    Unto thee.

I would become more pure,  
More willing to endure  
    What may be ;  
Knowing that, at my side  
Whatever may betide—  
    Guarding me,

Thy angel walks in light,  
As walked thy Son by night  
    On the sea!  
And though my life-boat frail,  
Rude tempest may assail,  
    Wrathfully,

And waves tumultuous rise,  
Threatening the pallid skies,  
    In mad glee !  
While fearful lightnings hiss  
Down wave, and precipice,  
    Scornfully !

Yet will I know no fear ;  
Oh, holy mother dear,  
    Maid-mother free !  
Thy sweet, assuring smile  
Rests over me, the while,  
    Earnestly.

Sweet mother, mine, I pray,  
Take not that light away ;  
    May it be  
Within my inmost soul,  
And all my thoughts control,  
    Perfectly.

So holy is its power,  
My soul can but adore  
    Thine, and Thee !  
The wisdom, love, and grace,  
Which, from thy heavenly face,  
    Beam on me !



## TO LOTTIE.



LOTTIE! though the angels told me  
Of the strength within thy heart,  
Still, as closely I infold thee,  
Comes to mine a bitter smart.

I would soothe those throbbing temples,  
Cool the fever of thy brow;  
Ah, the sunlight faintly trembles  
Through thy saddened spirit, now!

Like a stately city, standing  
By old Ocean's open door,  
All its ceaseless strength commanding,  
All its treasures, evermore;

So thy spirit's calm reposing,  
Seemeth, to my spirit eyes,  
As some crystal sea, inclosing  
All the sweets of Paradise;

Centered by a gleaming city,  
With its clustering domes and spires ;  
And my spirit swells with pity  
At the sacrificial fires,

Burning on its temple altars,  
Gleaming on its golden shrine ;  
But the great sun never falters  
In its path of hyaline.

Be thou faithful, in thy bosom  
It shall kindle purer fires,  
Making, in its depths, to blossom  
Higher, holier desires.

Bird-like melodies, the sweetest,  
In its dewy-dawn will start,  
Pouring victory's completest  
Anthem, from thy inmost heart.

God himself gives inspiration  
To these choiring thoughts of thine ;  
Guard, then, every emanation  
From this origin divine.

Why thus saddened, beyond measure,  
In these clouds about thy way  
Oh, look up ! and learn to treasure  
Stars that turn even night to day.

Wheresoe'er thou goest pouring  
Golden Hope, and beamy faith,  
Till thy heart and soul are soaring,  
Victors, over fate and death.

## THE PROMISE.

TO MRS. S. B. H.



LADY! thy arms of love are open wide,  
And, more than glad, to their embrace I glide;  
For, once within their ample circle prest,  
There comes a sweet security of rest.

I would my yearning heart could find a tone  
Echoing responsive language to thy own,  
Though in its far recesses I discern  
The fires of love and gratitude that burn  
On Friendship's altar, and behold, in thine,  
The same sweet flame burn, lambent and divine,  
Still, when expression's nobler flight I seek,  
I find my tongue reluctant, slow, and weak;  
My humble lyre no lofty song will bring,  
But tones of sweetness vibrate on each string.

Restless ambition ever toils to bind  
Her glittering chains upon the active mind,  
But thou, exalted to some noble aim,  
A brighter crown, a purer wreath may claim ;  
Fronting so bravely all the ills of life,  
And walking fearless through its wrongs and strife.  
If thus, forever, thou canst hold in view,  
The starry heights of a pure life, and true,  
Thy future's pathway shall be crowned with bliss,  
That far outweighs the martyrdoms of this ;  
No clouds shall darken, with malignant frown,  
But fadeless laurels thy white temples crown ;  
Seraphs of beauty golden censors swing,  
Love's holiest incense over thee to fling,  
And, borne aloft on music's waves, shall soar  
Thy victor-soul, right on, for evermore !

## RHYTHMIC CONTRASTS.



As, beneath the crystal waters,  
Diamonds glitter, very clear,  
So thy mental sons, and daughters,  
Through their element appear,

In thy soul's serenest chambers,  
Reason's children make their home,  
And Thought's sunlight, as it clammers  
To its blue, meridian dome,  
Gilds, with loveliness transcendent,  
All thy high imaginings;  
And the angel, thy attendant,  
Shakes ambrosia from her wings.

Thy soul's temple I have entered,  
And I linger at the shrine,  
Where, in oriel-light, are centered  
The deep springs of the Divine.

Here are contrasts so united  
In all holiest marriages,  
Strength to Gentleness is plighted,  
Pride to sweet Humilities.

O'er thy sky come sudden changes,—  
Turns of Fate's Kaleidoscope;  
To my spirit, as it ranges  
Over thine, there seems to ope  
Scenes of glory, so entrancing,  
That I tremble as I view,  
Lingering now, and now advancing,  
Through each thought-paved avenue.

As a dove might, young and tender,  
Find security, and rest,  
For its pinions thin, and slender,  
In the fearless Eagle's nest,—

As beneath an oak wide-spreading,  
Nestles the sweet Eglantine,  
As a rivulet, slow threading  
Its dark way, where rocks incline,  
Suddenly in light emerges,  
Growing deeper, and more clear,  
Till it mingles with the surges  
Tumbling on the windy mere;

So all timid spirits, wrestling  
    With the fearful storms of life,  
To thy eagle soul fly, nestling  
    From the tumult, and the strife;

So thy thought from doubt emerges,  
    Growing deeper, and more clear,  
Till it mingles with the surges  
    Of the Everlasting mere !



## THE DIFFERENCE.

---

MEN speak of grief as if they were acquaint

Therewith, or it were possible for them,  
Though chastened by afflictions, e'er to paint,

Or to conceive the woes, that as a flame,  
Consume the heart of woman. They do not

Offer their heart's whole wealth upon Love's shrine ;  
Altar and incense are too oft forgot,

In striving with the world, delving the mine  
For gold, or the poor purchase of a Name.

She in her heart's devotion ever kneels,  
Her offering burns in one undying flame ;

Hiding her pain but his she knows and feels,  
She lives, loves, hopes, and *dies* for him alone ;

Woe, that such love and faith by man are over-  
thrown !

## FLOWER FAYS.



I WILL tell you of a vision,  
A vision of sweet power,  
Which came from the Elysian,  
And was brought me by a flower.

For an hour, a whole hour,  
Above it I would bend ;  
Would you think a little flower  
Could have won your simple friend,

O'er its beauty frail, to ponder,  
With an earnest child-like wonder,  
And its leaflets fair to sunder,  
One by one ?

Call it not a cruel part ;  
For, within its tender heart,  
I had found a polished dart,  
                    Thither thrown

By some merry-hearted boy,  
In the recklessness of joy,  
Never thinking 't would destroy  
                    Its young bloom.

Oh, the rose did redly pout,  
As I pulled the arrow out ;  
And it scattered all about  
                    Its perfume,

Till the fragrance made me faint ;  
When with gesture, O, so quaint !  
Breathed it out a low complaint,  
                    In a song.

Sooth, I can not give the air,  
For it was, beyond compare,  
Very wonderful and rare ;  
                    And a throng

Came, of mischief-loving sprites,  
Who in damp, mid-summer nights,  
Toss the ever-flashing lights,  
In the vale,—

While the lonely whippowil,  
From his bower beneath the hill,  
All the listening air doth fill  
With his wail,—

They with mirth-provoking glances,  
Wheeled around me in gay dances,  
Their brows wreathed with bright pansies,  
Wet with dew.

Held each hand a cup of gold,  
Wreathed in shapes of fairest mold;  
And the quaintest tales they told,  
Which, if true,

I am sure I would not tell;  
And if false, it were as well  
That a silence o'er them fell,  
Tenderly.

So these I will not recall,  
Tho' the drapery of them all  
Flutters, as a glittering pall,  
Over me.

But the moral of them is,  
That thy life's distilled bliss,  
Never might atone for this  
Wanton waste

Of the cherished sweets, that clung  
Where my scented petals hung,  
And to heaven their sweetness flung,  
Baby-chaste.

Speed then, gather up some one  
Of the leaves so careless thrown;  
Let its sad, forgiving tone,  
Plead its wrong.

For each leaflet, spreading fair,  
Was the utterance of a prayer,  
Which the flower gave the air,  
In a song.

'Gan the merry sprites to drink  
From the tiny goblet's brink ;  
At which one, with roguish wink,  
Drew more near ;

And a saucy elf he was,  
For he touched my shoulder, as  
His thin treble, shrill as glass,  
Pierced my ear.

"To illume earth's darkened hours,  
Heaven," he said, "sends human flowers,  
Human hearts from evil powers  
To beguile.

"And the aroma of sweet feeling  
From them, mistily is stealing,  
And the light of their revealing  
Is a smile.

"But too oft they feign a part,  
Feigning, till the fearful smart,  
Of some unsuspected dart,  
Makes them feel

Something of the debt they owe  
To the Heavens, that bestow  
Beauty's corruscating glow,  
                    Good and ill."

Then he laughed out merrily,  
As he held his cup to me ;  
"This is nectar, drink !" said he,  
                    With a shout.

Then I heard their goblets clink,  
Saw their little elf-eyes blink ;  
And they laughed, till one would think  
                    Such a rout

All their bloomy sphere must shake,  
And its deepest caverns make  
Merry mocking echoes take,  
                    For a time ;

While the pool of lilies, thrilled  
Through and through, its ripples stilled,  
And the deeps of air were filled  
                    With the chime.

## REVERIE.



ONE summer evening, calm and still,  
I sat upon a mossy hill,  
And listened to the whippowil,  
Glad bird of night ;

When came a voice, so soft and clear,  
It fell upon my raptured ear  
Like music from another sphere,  
In dreaming heard.

It was a sound for earth too rare,  
A sad-like, yet a joyous air ;  
I can, to nothing fit, compare  
That minor sound.



Its vocal source I never knew ;  
It came upon me as the dew  
Comes, and we ken not shape or hue,  
At shut of night.

But oh, it had a power to still  
The ragings of the wayward will,  
And deep, with holy thoughts, to fill  
The trancéd mind.

And other voices 'gan combine,  
To swell the choruses divine,  
Whereat my soul did gladly join,  
I knew not how.

I know that, from their holy home,  
Exalted spirits oft will roam,  
And to the haunts of mortals come,  
With power to bless ;

But never, till that rapturous even,  
Such grace was to my spirit given,  
To feel, to taste, so much of heaven,  
So much of God.

## RUTH.



THE veined Wind-Flower in the somber wood,  
Thought breeding Pansies in the sunlight glowing,  
Or red-cloaked Lilies in the meadows growing,  
Best image thee, in every changing mood ;  
For as the tricky shadows all the while,  
Keep dancing round us, in perpetual play,  
So, o'er thy soul, its ever-changing sway  
Fancy asserts. Yet like a sea-girt Isle  
Reason, deep-centered, sits, Majestic Queen !  
Though, all about, the wavelets gayly flash,  
On her white feet, with a perpetual dash,  
She keeps her throne immutably serene,  
With an eternal sunshine on her brow,  
That sheds a rosy light on all the vales below.

## CLARE AND LILLIE.



Oh, I see your little Lillian !  
See your lily-bud so sweet,  
Floating amid clouds vermilion,  
With all loveliness replete.  
Oh, the soul-entrancing beauty  
Of the matchless Shining One !  
We should bow in worship, could we  
Catch its full and perfect tone.

Angels shield my tranced spirit !  
This is sure some glory-child,  
Born of beings who inherit  
Souls by flesh-robes undefiled ;  
What a glory floats around her,  
What a gleam is o'er her spread ;  
With white lilies they have crowned her  
Meekly-bending, graceful head.

Locks, of sunny hue, are flowing  
Lightly, o'er her snowy brow,  
While her dimpled hands are throwing  
Recognition toward us, now.  
Father! mother! can your feeling  
Catch her presence bright and blest?  
Does the beautiful revealing,  
With sweet influence, on you rest?

Lo, another spirit, bending  
Down the roseate serene;  
Fuller maidenhood is blending  
In her graceful form, and mien;  
Vails of gossamer are flowing  
Down her white limbs, to her feet,  
And the zephyrs, round her blowing,  
Are most redolent of sweet.

Round her neck, and on her bosom,  
Hangs a fragrant garland bright,  
Formed of every beauteous blossom  
Springing in Elysian light,  
Violets, and pale pink roses,  
With each radiant, starry bloom;  
Even the myrtle here, reposes  
All forgetful of its gloom.

And this incense-breathing garland,  
    Heaving with her bosom's swell,  
Wakens visions of that far land,  
    Where perfected spirits dwell.  
In her left hand she is holding  
    A fair tablet, ivory white,  
Slowly, with her right, unfolding  
    Pictures radiant as light.

A gem-studded pencil, slender,  
    Hangs suspended from her neck,  
She, with glance inspired and tender ;  
    Gazes at the clouds that deck,  
In the west, the distant sky-hill,  
    With all gorgeous colorings ;  
Tears the depths of her dark eye fill,  
    Joying in their glorious things,

Now her snowy arm she stretches  
    Upward, toward the blue profound,  
Then, with hasty hand, she sketches  
    All the gorgeous scene around.  
Oh, to see her, as she lingers  
    Over each harmonious line,  
See her slender, sunlit fingers,  
    So translucently divine ;

See the changing of her features,  
Of her red lips' tuneful play,  
'T would exalt even earthly natures  
To oblivion of their clay !  
Now the fringed lids are drooping  
Over eyes dark-luminous ;  
Forward she is slowly stooping,  
Ah ! methinks, she looks on us :  
Yes, she sees ! is recognizing  
Well known faces. Do you hear  
The blent voices now, uprising,  
Of your Lillian, and Clare ?

Lo, the vision bright, advances ;  
Very near us are they now ;  
And the rapture of their glances,  
Sheds a light on either brow.  
Joy a festival is holding  
On each brightening lip and cheek  
Now their white arms interfolding  
Seems it as if they would speak

Wait ! a moment wait ! until I  
Catch the words of that sweet pair ;  
List ! " O, know you not your Lillie ?"  
" Have you, then, forgotten Clare ?"

Lillie whispers, "Love to brother,  
Little darling good and true!"  
Clare says, "Love to sweetest mother;  
Love, my dearest friends, to you!"  
Now the twain are upward winging,  
Each a beauteous spirit-bird,  
Sweetest songs, so sweetly singing,  
As no mortal ever heard!

## SONG OF THE CHILDREN.



HA, ha, ha! la, la, la!

Ho, ho, ho, ho!

Lu, lu, lu! hu, hu, hu!

Lu, lu, lu, lu!

Repletest, with sweetest

And holiest power,

Caressings, and blessings,

Upon you we shower.

Merrily, cheerily,

Play we our parts;

Loving, improving,

And gladdening, your hearts.

Ha, ha, ha! la, la, la!

Keep to the chime;

Louder shout, as about

Whirling in time.



Violette. Mignonette,  
Star-Beam and Mist ;  
Lily-Bud, Rosengood,  
Bright Amethyst !

Ho, ho, ho ! so we go,  
See, as we fly,  
Beautiful, musical,  
Waters run by.  
Rivers deep, ever sweep,  
Tunefully sweet,  
Dashing thus, luminous  
Globes at our feet.

Fairy-like, airy-like,  
Melodies flow,  
Such, even, as in heaven  
The Glorified know.  
The refrain breath again,  
Louder, more clear !  
Let it blend, as we bend  
Over you, here.

Violette, Mignonette,  
Still swifter go !  
Lily-Bud, Rosengood,  
Thus let it flow.

Ha, ha, ha! la, la, la!  
Star-Beam and Mist,  
Trip and sing, in our ring,  
Bright Amethyst.

Pebble-stones have their tones,  
Each one its own,  
Gurgle-glad, murmur-sad,  
Laugh they, or moan;  
Beauty-fraught is the thought  
Of the stream's daughters,  
And they laugh, as they quaff  
Of the bright waters!

Mountain-tops, fountain-drops,  
And the rocks rude,  
Have a speech, that would reach  
To our soul's good;  
And the breeze, in the trees,  
Tells ever a tale,  
As it drops from their tops,  
With a hum, to the vale.

There 's a power, in each flower,  
To take from the heart  
Its festering, pestering,  
Poisonous smart;

And to still any ill  
That to mortals may come,  
And, for this, would we kiss  
Every beautiful bloom.

As we sing, see us bring,  
From our Elysian,  
Wreaths so bright, that they might  
Glad a saint's vision ;  
Amaranth, Hyacinth,  
Blooms never sere ;  
Lily-bells, Asphodels,  
Bright through the year ;

Rejoicing, in voicing  
Some hymn, that may tell,  
Of a plain where no pain,  
For a moment, can dwell ;  
Where sorrow can harrow  
Remembrance no more,  
Despairing and caring,  
Forever are o'er !

Where joy, no alloy  
Of its glory has shorn,  
And the rose may repose,  
Unallied to its thorn ;

And we children, in wildering  
Dances, are whirled,—  
The living, life-giving,  
Sweet flowers of this world!

Mignonette! Violette!  
Star-Beam and Mist!  
Rosengood! Lily-Bud!  
Bright Amethyst!  
Ha, ha, ha! la, la, la!  
Trip it and sing,  
Hò, ho, ho! lo, lo, lo!  
Whirl in our ring!

TO GEORGE SHEPARD BURLEIGH.

---

God of Heaven! what a throng  
Of the Beautiful, the Strong,  
And the glorious Sons of Song,  
    Bursts upon my gaze!  
What a light is o'er me shed,  
As thy spirit-courts I tread,  
And its mazy windings thread;—  
    Still, the faintest haze  
Rests upon the radiance bright,  
So to temporize the light,  
As to shield my dazzled sight  
    From too brilliant rays.

Now I tread an Ocean-shore  
Where Thought's billows, evermore,  
An exalted music pour,  
    Thrillingly profound;

With majestic strength replete,  
 White-maned Waves their marches beat,  
 Thundering on with surf-shod feet,—  
     Glancing swiftly round,  
 Till some Reason-rock they spy,  
 When, with foam-crest mane tossed high,  
 With a loud exultant cry,  
     'Gainst it, wild, they bound ;  
 Stunned to madness by the blow,  
 Backward, as retreating foe,  
 The reluctant coursers go,—  
     Making heaven resound  
 Their reverberating neigh,  
 Shaking from their flanks the spray,  
 Scattering, as they haste away,  
     Clouds of gems around.

Now it changes to my view,  
 And the waters, then so blue,  
 Glow with every rainbow hue,  
     Gloriously bright !  
 And they lie as calm and still,  
 With an all-pervading thrill,  
 As if God their deeps did fill  
     With excess of light ;

For in sudden, fitful gleams,  
 Lo, the radiance streams,  
 As the light of heavenly dreams  
       Gilds the blackest night.

'Neath the ever-changing tide  
 Shoals of silvery fishes glide,  
 Monarchs of the deep beside,  
       Kingliest in night.

Now beneath cerulean skies,  
 Trees of stateliest strength arise,  
 Fruit the rarest, ripest, lies  
       Scattered every where :  
 O'er the flower-bespangled ground  
 Loveliest forms are gliding round,  
 To a most bewitching sound,  
       Sweet beyond compare.

In the deepening, overhead,  
 Go the stars with regal tread,  
 By their royal Princess led,  
       Where Night's monarchs are :  
 Star to star, now, hear I, calling, .  
 As with brilliancy appalling,  
 From that awful height they 're falling,  
       Like a rain of fire !

From these burning meshes, fraught  
 With intensest threads of thought,  
 What a fabric might be wrought,  
                   Than all earth-wefts higher.  
 Arbors of this boundless field  
 Choicest fruits and flowers yield,  
 'Neath its turf there lie concealed  
                   Gems, and rubies rare ;  
 Brightest birds are o'er it winging,  
 Sweetest carols gayly singing,  
 To thy spirit ever bringing  
                   Sounds, which might inspire  
 Symphonies that could awake  
 Such deep echoes, they should make  
 The vibrating earth to shake,  
                   As a wind-swept lyre,

With a hush-inspiring finger,  
 Evermore I'd linger, linger  
 Near one most impassioned singer,  
                   In this glorious choir ;  
 Oh, I pray thee Spirit ! pour  
 That entrancing music o'er,  
 Once again, and evermore !  
                   Me it will inspire,



With all visionings most high,  
 All divinest harmony,  
 All sublimest ecstasy,  
                     Ever reaching higher,  
 So to clasp some angel-hand,  
 Of the blessed, blessing band,  
 In the radiant spirit-land,  
                     To which I aspire!

## LIFE'S MYSTERY.



LIFE in its various changes,  
Life in its phases rude,  
Life in its highest ranges,  
Was never understood !

Life, when most staid and quiet,  
Life, when most crowned with good,  
Life, howsoe'er we try it,  
Was never understood !

Life ! over it, forever,  
Will doubt, and darkness brood,  
To baffle man's endeavor,  
To make it understood.

Life! O, the Life of living,  
Its highest altitude,  
Must ever be in giving,  
Were it rightly understood.

Since life's appointed mission,  
For which alone we live,  
In high, or low condition,  
Is evermore to give,

In answer to our giving  
We evermore receive;  
And, gratefully receiving,  
We fruitfully believe.

Belief is but ascension  
Unto the high and good;  
And doubt, a sad detention  
By things ill understood.

Then grant us patience, Father!  
Whom many ills enthrall,—  
For in ourselves we gather  
The sufferings of all.

But still as we are nearing  
Those clear, calm, heights, and true,  
Sweet voices are we hearing,  
And love-lights gild our view.

Oh, Life of our creation !  
It were a heaven to us,  
Could we keep the high relation  
Distinct, harmonious,

Between the flesh and spirit,  
And of the soul to thee,  
That the mansions we inherit  
As thy holy courts may be.

## THE JOY OF ACTION.



Thus beside thee as I linger,  
Angel arms our forms entwine;  
Each inspired, lovely singer,  
Chants a hymn of the Divine.  
Most familiar is their greeting,  
Tenderly they press my hand,  
All the while the slow time beating,  
With a little silver wand.

Seems it as if I were dreaming,  
On a bed of poppies white,  
Their low singing, and the gleaming  
Of the lithe wand, and the light.  
Now a most enchanting essence  
Stupifies my every sense,  
And I feel its witching presence  
Through the dulled nerves' sweet suspense.

But they go! they are ascending;  
Oh, sweet souls I half adore,  
Bless ye, for the many blending  
Benisons ye on me shower!  
They have left us to each other,  
Wilt thou suffer me to come?  
I the flowers of thought will gather  
Blooming in thy spirit home.

What a strange, foreboding quiet,  
Seems to rest on all around,  
Here 's a lakelet, and anigh it  
Bright translucent shells abound,  
Here are birds that are not singing,  
Fishes, but they do not play,  
Nothing with swift gladness springing:  
Is it night, or is it day?  
That thy soundless mental ocean,  
Like a sheet of silver spread,  
Lies as listless, without motion,  
As if all its waves were dead.

Would'st thou rouse thy dormant powers  
To some action, true and high,  
Startling, from these listless hours,  
All their blank vacuity,—

Sought'st thou, with a pure intention,  
Some good purpose to fulfill,—  
Drawn to their extremest tension,  
All thy nerves with joy would thrill.  
Work ! there comes no angel bringing  
Deeper peacefulness than he,  
Joy and health leap upward, singing  
In his regal company.

Thou art gentle, kind, and loving,  
And thy spirit is serene  
As the gauzy, white clouds, moving  
'Twixt the azure and the green.  
Need it were baptized in trial ;  
Action should illumine the shrine,  
And the fires of self-denial  
Consecrate it, and refine.

What a heaven-descended dower  
Those deep sympathies of thine !  
Thou should'st guard them, as a power,  
And a fellowship, divine,  
That will lift thy soul to Heaven,  
Or that Heaven bring down to thee,  
Where thy thirsting life may lave in  
Floods of conscious Deity.

## LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.



Know, my loved ones, I am IDA :  
And, that ye might know me well,  
All the eve I stood beside her  
Who will now my message tell.

I have lingered in your presence,  
Many a time, before to-night,  
Shedding o'er your souls a pleasance,  
Like a soft, inspiring light.

As the moonbeams, through the lattice,  
Will uncertain shadows cast ;  
As a sunlit vapor, that is  
Like a memory of the past ;



As the drowsy veil of twilight,  
    Shimmering in an eve of June ;  
As a waking love-dream's eye light ;  
    As the hidden wild bee's tune ;

So, through earth-life's sensate curtain,  
    Through your misty vision bent,  
Gleams my presence, pale, uncertain,  
    Distant-seeming, sweet, but faint !

Yet, my arms around you flinging,  
    Long above you have I hung,  
With affection's tendrils clinging  
    Round you, as in life they clung.

As in life ? ah ! I am giving  
    Unto words an earth-like hue ;  
Never had I known of living  
    Till I passed death's portals through ;

Never known the god-like story  
    Of the everlasting soul ;  
The immeasurable glory,  
    That its destinies unroll.

O, my friends ! I scarce know whether  
Most I love, or most adore,  
This all-loving, holy Father,  
Whose Divine gifts on us shower.

And I quiver, as I name him,  
With an ever quick surprise ;  
To my lips come high, acclaiming  
Plaudits, thrilling to the skies.

And there come the clearest ringing,  
Intertwining notes, that swell  
All around me, as the clinging  
Pulses of a silver bell.

And a hymning low, and tender,  
Overflows and floods my soul ;  
Every thought it seems to render  
Strong, though sweet, in its control.

I have lingered unbelieving,  
In the broad, convincing light ;  
For it seemed like a deceiving  
Dream of beauty, fleet as bright,

That one spirit, thus, should enter  
To another's mortal home,  
While that other, from its center,  
Over trackless fields might roam.

Yet, my friends, while I am speaking  
Through these transcéd lips, to you,  
Their freed spirit journies, seeking  
Fields the senses never knew.

This unveils the sweetest mystery  
Life has lent me, even here,  
This turns prophecy to history,  
Of earth's marriage with our sphere,—

Your old earth becomes less earthy,—  
Marriage holy and divine,  
Of whose ritual high and worthy,  
Here behold the living sign;

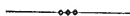
Coming, as the soft caressings  
Of a mother's love below,  
Coming, with the highest blessings  
Which the blest in glory know.

Ask ye why, amid the pleasures  
Which are my attendants here,  
My soul seeks to tread the measures  
That it trod upon that sphere?

Know, the soul that loves, believing,  
Never loses aught it loves;  
But, for evermore receiving,  
Ever takes, where'er it roves,  
The distilled sweets of loving,  
The refined soul of sense;  
And the heart grows richer, proving  
Love's repletest competence.

Therefore, purified, I carry  
All my earth-born tenderesses,  
Thus I still delight to tarry  
'Mid love's flowery wildernesses,  
And in heaven rejoice to marry  
Loving lips, in pure caresses.

## THY MOTHER.



A BRIGHT Figure, beaming  
In the rose-light of dreaming,  
Seems folding us close in embraces of love ;  
Ah, see ! 'tis none other  
Than thy beautiful mother,  
Bending lovingly down from the silence above.

Oh, say, canst thou hear her ?  
Come nearer ! come nearer !  
Her tones are so mellow, low, soothing and sweet ;  
Each sense I surrender  
To an influence so tender,  
And sink in a rapture of bliss at her feet.

The tenderest blessings,  
The sweetest caressings  
That ever a mother on daughter did shower,

All pure consecrations,  
All high aspirations,  
She lavishes on thee, unchanged with the hour.

Her love-light will strengthen  
When dun shadow's lengthen,  
And life's stilly evening succeeds to its noon,  
When day, with its hid light,  
Sinks starless to midnight,  
Her love will be o'er thee for planet and moon.

Her exquisite spirit  
Must surely inherit  
A home of rich beauty and loveliness rare,  
For, dimly beholding  
Her glorious unfolding,  
I see a clear flush in the scintillant air.

And a sense of contrition,  
And lowlier submission  
Grows strong in my soul with my strengthening faith.  
Oh is it but seeming,  
Illusion and dreaming?  
Or have I gone up through the portals of death?

With rapturous singing  
 The angels are winging  
 In circles resplendent, or poised in the air ;  
 Oh, Infinite Father !  
 From thee I would gather  
 New strength, by new virtue, their glory to bear.

Oh crucified Meekness,  
 Dear Christ ; to my weakness  
 Give Faith as a garment around me to fold,  
 And, ever attendant  
 These visions resplendant ,  
 In the chilly earth air, let my spirit behold.

## INVOCATION.



BEAUTIFUL spirits, gloriously fair !  
Fondly ye hover round the loved one there,  
In the stern strife from love and home afar  
Where the grim legions of the Alien are ;  
Yet he beholds not, though ye come so near :  
Can ye not, spirits, make his vision clear,  
Lift from his weary hand his drooping head,  
And from that breast, to saddened fancies wed,  
Drive the dark spirit of distrust and woe,  
And wipe the tears that from his soul's eye flow ?  
Ye can the Wanderer of his pangs beguile,  
And light his dim'd eye with a radiant smile,  
Make his still heart aloft for joy to spring,  
And lend old gladness an exultant wing,  
Draw the dark future's clinging vail away,  
And fill his soul with promises of day,



That he its kindling raptures may behold,  
Pleasures unthought, and ecstasies untold.

Now as ye wheel in mazy circles round,  
He starts ! he listens ! yes, he hears the sound  
Of the glad notes your choirs are chanting now,  
See, what a glory sits upon his brow !  
With what delight are his quick pulses thrilled,  
With what enchantment is his bosom filled !  
Now to the Father—forced no more to roam—  
In dreams of Heaven his spirit flutters home,  
Leans on the Saviour in a blissful thought ;  
With joy we leave him to the spell ye 've wrought.

Ah, see ! he kneels, he bows in fervent prayer ;  
To him, sweet sisters, let us draw more near,  
Pour a full blessing on his youthful head,  
And heavenly love like balmy incense shed.  
As his soul hungers for the joys of heaven,  
Give him to feel his sins are all forgiven ;  
Then, as his spirit calmly sleeps in bliss,  
Just touch its red lips with a parting kiss ;  
Once more a heartfelt blessing we renew,  
And turn to leave him with a blithe adieu.

Beautiful Spirits, hasten not away !  
Leave, leave with me a blessing too, I pray ;  
And ere the dying of that farewell strain,  
Promise me, Spirits, to return again,  
Or that I meet you in the realms of air,  
Beautiful Spirits, gloriously fair !

## THE SERPENT HORROR.



Because we have wandered in error,  
The serpent is armed with a sting;  
And wisdom is clad in the symbols of terror,  
Our souls to their center to bring. E. D. H.

I WITH pain had wrestled fiercely,  
Void of slumber, through the night,  
When there came a dream to pierce me  
Through and through, with wild affright.

I was walking in a forest,  
In the damp, autumnal year,  
Where the frost, with touch the sorest,  
Made the leaves look brown and sere;  
When, upon a little hillock  
Blooming 'mid the dearth around,  
Underneath a high and still rock,  
I a little violet found.

And it nodded O, so quaintly !  
As I bent above its bloom,  
Though it seemed to cling more faintly  
To the strength of its perfume.

And I whispered, " Wherefore hiding  
Thus away from mortal view ?"  
Oh its glance was so confiding  
From its modest eye of blue,  
As its golden-crested finger  
It extended towards me,  
Saying slowly, " Dost thou think a  
Woodland floweret to be  
One whose longing could be roving  
In the garish light of day ?  
No, its nature is too loving  
From its peaceful home to stray.

" There are blooms more proud and haughty,  
Which in stately grandeur stand,  
With their brilliant dresses, gaudy,  
Admiration to command ;  
These have gone to gild your arbors  
With their glory-blending hues,  
While this quiet nest still harbors  
The pale violets, which choose

For their loved and lovely dwelling  
This so deeply sheltered nook,  
Where I fain would hold thee, telling  
Of the hymnings which have broke  
Round about us, morn and even,  
From kind nature's ministries,  
Ever giving and receiving  
Fraternizing sympathies."

I was listening to the flower  
By its low bed seated low,  
When with fascinating power  
A bright serpent glided slow,  
From a crevice, and around me  
Flickered with a graceful sweep,  
And I stirred not, for it bound me  
In the subtle cords of sleep.

It approached me nearer, nearer,  
With its glossy, glittering coils,  
Till at length I seemed to hear a  
Sweet voice say, "Escape its toils!"  
But I could not, from my sleeping,  
Summon strength enough to start,  
When as lightning, lightly leaping,  
It fell nestling in my heart ;

And I felt it twining, twining,  
    With its circlets icy cold,  
And I saw the shining, shining  
    Of each tight'ning, clinging fold ;  
Till with nerve and fiber shrinking  
    From the rigor of its grasp,  
In its fierce embraces sinking,  
    Fainter and fainter grew each gasp.

Seemed the firmament as falling  
    In dense blackness to the ground,  
And a shadow, most appalling,  
    Settled upon all around !  
Still more tightly did he fold me !  
    Tightly and more tightly still !  
And I had not strength to hold me  
    In resistance to his will ;  
Till, with terror inly quivering,  
    Of its poisonous breath I drank,  
And it sent a fatal shivering  
    Through me, as in death I sank.

Was it death ? nay, 't was not dying,  
But a sinking, soaring, flying,  
And the furies seemed to goad the  
Memories of the past, to load me

With the dark and scentless flowers  
Which had sprung in noxious bowers,  
Where, through all the lingering hours,  
Drizzled dank and poisonous showers;  
In each blossom, folded close,  
Was a serpent's dark repose,  
And instead of perfumed kisses  
You but caught a serpent's hisses!

Even the trees, around me there,  
Tall and scaly serpents were,  
Every branch a snaky form,  
Writhing, hissing in the storm!  
Earth, on which I feared to tread,  
Seemed a monstrous snake outspread;  
Brooks and rivers, and the ocean,  
Took a twining, slimy motion;  
Ay, the clouds above them all,  
Changed to serpents, great and small.  
"Oh, ye heavens!" I shuddering moan,  
"I too, am a serpent grown.  
Hissing, twining, coiling, rattling,  
With the hideous serpents battling,  
Sunk their venom'd stings beneath  
Pray I, Father, give me death!"

To die, to die ! it may not be ;  
There is no peace but victory ;  
Then patiently abide the strife,  
There is no death but only Life !

Thou didst forget to call last night  
Upon thy guardian angel bright,  
Who hitherto has watched thy sleep,  
Its dreamings pure and high to keep ;  
Thy nightly prayer thou didst forget,  
And, with incautious fingers, let  
Strange guests into thy spirit come,  
Thus driving from their sacred home  
The pure and peaceful thoughts serene—  
Angels of beauty, who, between  
Their heaven and thee, have ever kept  
Sweet intercourse ; and as there swept,  
Across thy vision, forms so wild,  
Sweetly the conscious guardians smiled,  
As, with angelic love and grace,  
They sought the phantoms to displace.

In thine own soul the power doth lie  
To bid each hateful influence fly ;  
From thine own self the power must come  
To lighten and refine thy home,



If thou but speak the magic word  
Whereby the soul's deep founts are stirred,  
Light, Love, and Truth, will spring to birth,  
With the new Heavens and new Earth.

## AN ADMONITION.



With thy soul is earliest morning,  
And the dew lies on the ground,  
While a glory, all-adorning,  
From the sun is poured around.

In thy bosom playful fancies  
A beguiling sweetness shed,  
As the odors of young pansies  
'Neath the sportive Fairies' tread.

Half-blown lilies are revealing  
Snowy busts in bodice green,  
Buds of tenderest thought and feeling  
Half-expanded, bloom between.

Like bright bubbles, gayly flashing  
On some streamlet as it flows,  
Or as ocean wavelets plashing  
In the noon of night's repose ;

As the laughing sylphs, advancing  
In their revels, full of glee,  
With the flashing billows dancing  
To the morning's melody ;

As fresh grasses in the meadows,  
As the shadows on the hills,  
As the twittering of young sparrows,  
As the incense noon distills ;

As the breath of blooming clover,  
Glances of red berries bright,—  
So around, beneath, and over ;  
All thy soul is a delight !

But I give thee earnest warning  
That its weapons are too fine,  
Less for conflict than adorning,  
Stern metal should be thine,

Fit to strengthen and ennoble  
All the future of thy life,  
Arming for the day of trouble,  
Arming for the day of strife.

## SALUTATION AND CHEER.

TO MARY.



On blame me not, May, that so long I delayed  
My coming to greet thee ; my footsteps were stayed  
By a lingering fear that thou would'st not believe  
The words I might speak, or it haply might grieve  
Thy sensitive nature, my Beautiful One !  
Yet dearest, believe me, thou art not alone.  
I linger above thee, by day and by night,  
I share in thy sorrows, and in thy delight.

There are times when my presence has over thee thrown  
An influence of sweetness thou canst not disown.  
There are times when I hold thee within my embrace,  
And gaze, as at first, on thy love-lighted face :  
There are times when old feelings within thee are stirred  
Till thou thrillest with rapture, my beautiful Bird !

Be patient, be hopeful, let what will betide ;  
There are spirits of beauty who walk by thy side.  
I will come to thee, Mary, will over thee bend  
As a guardian angel, thy steps to attend ;  
Bright joy to thy life I will evermore bring,  
And aye to my strength shall thy gentleness cling.

Then deem it no weakness to cherish a love  
For thy young heart's betrothed, though his home be  
    above,  
To live in the bliss of his loving caresses,  
For thee with delight he embraces and blesses.  
May love, joy, and peace, be the crown of thy life,  
And death bring my Mary, my darling, my wife !

TO PROFESSOR —.



YET once again, most joyfully, I come  
Within the circle of thy soul's high home.  
Again I bend, my spirit-brow to lave  
In healing waters from the crystal wave  
Of thy deep ocean of exalted thought,  
With power-inspiring power as richly fraught  
As the famed pool Bethesda could have been,  
Save when the influence of the Nazarene  
Rested upon it. Still dwells with thee such  
Blessed divinity of angel touch,  
As, in its worth, might almost rival, even  
That which adorned the glorious Son of Heaven,—  
For as Heaven's Son we ever recognize  
The lowly Jesus,—though our spirit eyes  
See other sons of Heaven, less good, less pure,  
Less perfect, yet as willing to endure

The martyrdom of suffering and of shame,  
That comes to all who dare assume a name  
Which the false years presumptuously condemn,—  
The mocking years, bow not, my soul, to them !  
Bigots and tyrants, fell and treacherous,  
Forever cry “Ye shall not rule o’er us !”—  
To the pure spirits, who, with holiest love,  
Their wicked, sensual, selfish deeds reprove.  
Redeemers, Saviours, we ne’er recognize,  
Until the mission of their high emprise  
Hath been perfected, then, the blind may see,  
Clustering about them, their Divinity.

My spirit-brother ! Shall I call thee such ?  
Emboldened by the sweet, inspiring touch  
Of thy soul’s finger, seeming to impart  
Sublimest teachings to my kindling heart,  
Thrilling my lips as with celestial fire,  
Awakening in me aspirations, higher  
And holier, than any I have caught  
From lips, unless by inspiration fraught,  
Thy fleshly raiment now is rent away,  
I see thee all divested of thy clay,  
And read thy spirit, as I read a book ;  
Through all its inmost mysteries I look.

As sparkling bubbles on a limpid stream,  
In the soft moonlight beautifully gleam,  
Or as the wavelets on the ocean's blue,  
With silvery gleamings, fascinate the view,  
As sportive sylphs, by their bewitching dance  
O'er the bright waters, every eye entrance,  
Along its course thy life-stream ever glides,  
Watering the simplest herbage by its sides,  
Foam-wreaths of Fancy, o'er its surface fly,  
Feeling's fair lilies in the sunbeams lie.  
Meandering now through blooming meadows fair,  
Where spring the flowers of science, rich and rare,  
Through forest thick, where Wisdom's stately trees,  
Lift their high branches to the swelling breeze ;  
Anon through valleys shady, quiet, low,  
Mid thirsty plants and hungry roots to flow ;  
Then on a fruitful, far-extending plain,  
It spreads its bosom to the sun and rain,  
That it may give the healing draught again  
To thirsty mortals, who, devoid of sight,  
Walk blindfold, ever groping for the light.

What a strange study is thy soul to me;  
Simple and clear, yet full of mystery,  
A subtle link unites it to a mesh  
Of half instinctive, half reflecting flesh ;



Yet is the tie so subtle and so slight,  
They stand apart, dissevered in my sight.  
If, on thy actual hand, or heart, or brow,  
I place my actual hand, as I do now,  
An answering throb, in unison most clear,  
Gives an assurance thou art of this sphere ;  
But if my spirit hand I clasp with thine,  
The inspiration makes us both divine,  
And in a circle, sweeping far above  
Earth's narrow limits, hand in hand we rove,  
Through most transcendent, glorious abodes,  
Into the presence of the God of gods !  
And feel our spirits sweetly harmonize,  
In all perfections growing great, and wise.

## FORESHADOWINGS.



THOUGH I know thou art not seeking  
For the things I now rehearse,  
Yet am I impelled to speaking,  
And the utterance comes in verse.

Thou art formed for highest uses,  
Though, upon thy mental skies,  
Hang the clouds of dark abuses,  
Hindering the sweet sunrise  
Of that Faith, which should enlighten  
All the future, to thy tread,  
While the stars of Hope that brighten,  
Melt in glory over head!

For I feel this strong assurance,  
That within thy noble heart  
Burn the fires of true endurance,  
That to others might impart

Strength to conquer the conspiring  
  Enemies of Truth and Right ;  
Courage, faith, and love refiring  
  At thy own heart's altar-light.

Tenderly the dawn reposes  
  On thy spirit beauty-crowned,  
And the breath of full-blown roses  
  Sheds their fragrances around.  
Reason's oaks, with strength majestic,  
  Stand like marshaled sentinels,  
Casting shadows, most fantastic,  
  Over all the flowery dells.

Now their leaves, in blithe carousing,  
  Dance, and drink the dew-drops rare,  
And anon, hang, faintly drowsing,  
  In the incense-freighted air.

Noble cities, grand and stately,  
  With full many a teeming mart,  
Mountains towering up sedately—  
  Nature's wonder-works of art ;

Every thing in earth, air, ocean,  
I have seen reflected here,  
In minute, but just proportion,  
Forming an harmonious sphere,  
Where thy sun, with perfect glory,  
O'er a cloudless noon shall shine,  
And fleet angels bear the story  
Of the morning's birth divine.

Oh, I hear their gladsome singing,  
See them with bright garlands crowned,  
While the vaulted heavens are ringing  
With the rapture-pealing sound.  
See the countless millions gather!  
Oh, I shudder, shiver, sink;  
Shelter! save me, Heavenly Father!  
Still, forbid me not to drink  
From these waters of the Elysian,  
On whose hills, of broader scope,  
To my soul's anointed vision,  
Scenes of deeper glory ope;  
Giving those intense revealings,  
Which the sight can scarce endure;  
Consecrating all my feelings,  
With a baptism high and pure.

Seems as from me life were fleeing,  
God's effulgence so doth fill  
Every inlet of my being,  
With an all-pervading thrill.

Dearest Father ! thou hast told me  
We were of Thyself a part ;  
Oh, then, as an infant, fold me  
Near to thy sustaining heart ;  
Still permitting that I cherish  
This sweet vision ; let it stay  
As a ray that can not perish,  
Dawn of thy eternal Day.

## RIVAL CLAIMS.



NEVER knew I harp so changing  
As this spirit lyre of thine,  
Now, where angel hands are ranging,  
Now where fingers less divine.

Here a tone of triumph taking,  
Self-reliant, calm, and strong ;  
There with terror weakly shaking,  
Pouring a complaining song.

Strangest discord quivers through it ;  
Thrills a harmony sublime ;  
Loving sympathies subdue it  
To a loving, tender, chime.

Now imbued with deepest sadness,  
Then with passionate desire,  
Soon, intoxicating gladness,  
Vibrates on the trembling wire.

O, 'tis piteous! thus to squander  
An inheritance so high,  
Thus to vacillate, and wander,  
'Twixt the lights of fen and sky.

Learn to prize the liberal treasure  
In thy deep heart slumbering,  
Tune thy lyre to some fixed measure,  
Some star-centered rhythm sing.

Maiden, blushing the confession  
Of the virtues in thy breast,  
With thy womanly expression  
In the sweetest accents dressed;

In thy gentle nature blending  
Every captivating grace,  
And the rival charms, contending  
In thy ever-changing face,

Thou art regal as a queen is,  
And withal as rich a dower ;  
Would'st thou teach thy heart serenity,  
Then were thine a queenly power.

Then arouse thee, gentle sister !  
Life is far too brief an hour  
For our souls to dwarf its vista,  
By the wasting of a flower.

Rival crowns I see before thee  
One of pure and true desire,  
One, if once it glitters o'er thee,  
It shall cling like chemic fire.

Take the star-crown of the Father ;  
Spurn the tempter's diadem ;  
And thy coming days shall gather  
Power and Peace, perfecting them.



## SUPPLICATION.

TO LIZZIE.

---

A MOTHER is bending, with love-light descending,  
From her sunny, sweet face, o'er a daughter as fair;  
And oft, in extreme night, her touch will the dream  
light  
That cheers her in slumber, or lightens her care.

With holiest feeling, that mother is kneeling  
In prayer without ceasing, effectual, deep;  
Some gentle revealing, at times, must be stealing  
O'er the heart of her daughter, if only in sleep.

Oh, yes! I behold now, a light on her cold brow,  
That lends a conviction my vision is sure,  
Oh then, ever careful, be watchful, and prayerful,  
To heed well a guidance so loving and pure.

Her spirit hath crowned thee with strength, that around  
thee

Hath kindled a light, in thy darkness so drear,  
Oh, heed then, her warning ; be the noon to thy morn-  
ing

Effulgent in beauty, in purity clear.

Let no sin of omission, no deeds for contrition,

Between her pure spirit and thy spirit come ;

But ever as now, bear untarnished thy brow,

And may souls of the pure ever hallow thy home.

## THE HEALING GIFT.



SPIRIT of spirits ! Mind supreme of mind,  
He did at first a fadeless laurel bind  
Around thy spirit's pure transparent brow,  
Lending all sweet perennial flowers that blow,  
For thy green chaplet, full of odors sweet,  
And with all healing potences replete.

Yes ! it is true, thou did'st the power receive  
Largely, all pain and anguish to relieve,  
Controlling all the demons of disease,  
While prescient sufferers eagerly would seize  
Thy healing hand, upon their hearts to press,  
Taking new vigor from its soft caress.

Behold, sweet sister ! see anear thee stand  
A shining angel with a silvery wand ;

Slowly he waves it over earth and sea,  
Then gently lays the crystal point on thee,  
With touch resistless in its strong control,  
Nerving the feeblest purpose of thy soul.

Still more impressive grows the heavenly scene  
By the bright presence of the Nazarene,  
In whom, supreme the healing gift was found ;  
His glorious brow with martyrdom is crowned,  
And, kindly bending from the calm above,  
He folds thee closely in his arms of love !

Prize of thy generous heart and lofty deed,  
Thine is the sacred gift, the exalted meed,  
Some soothing cordial on each wound to pour,  
Some healing balm, for every suffering hour  
That earth's afflicted sons are doomed to know,  
In their wide wanderings through this vale of woe.

Sad hearts are gladdened by thy cheering tones,  
As the lone widow, by Maria's son's ;  
Fulfill thy mission, wearying though it be,  
Jesus himself shall walk the path with thee ;  
Angels of love on all thy steps attend,  
And pitying souls their sweetest succor lend.

Guard, as the fortress of thy sacred wealth,  
The priceless remnant of that shattered health;  
Keep all thy steps with vigilance and care,  
In even hands the healing cup to bear,  
That so, pure soul to pure clay be allied,  
So by its God the Fane be sanctified!

TO G. S. B.

---

Poet and Brother, loved and honored, more  
Than thy heart counts amid its treasured gains,  
Stint not, oh Prophet Bard ; thy soul to pour  
Even on barren fields, like Autumn rains :  
Thou might'st have built a throne where, long before,  
Fame would have sat, amid the echoing strains  
Of thy own harp ; had'st thou, more world-wise, sung  
Some mouthing Patriot's eulogistic rhyme,  
Some high-born dame's or maiden's praises rung,  
As a lithe trifle trolled an idle chime,  
Or, with less zeal of earnest passion, felt  
Thy gift's high sanctity, and at random thrown  
Truths taught by Nature, where thy spirit knelt,  
But even yet, proud Fame shall claim thee as her  
own !

## NELL.



As a full blown orange-flower,  
As a pure white lily-bell,  
As a dark eye's matchless power,  
Art thou, O most beauteous NELL!

As the whisperings of the twilight,  
As the wavelet's gentle swell,  
As the mysteries of the midnight,  
Art thou, O mysterious Nell!

As a bright-lipped Fairy-maiden,  
Dancing o'er a flowery dell,  
With all witching fancies laden,  
Art thou, O bewitching Nell!

As the fresh breath of the morning,  
As the fullnesses, that dwell  
In the noontide's rich adorning,  
Art thou, O most glorious Nell!

As the sweet hymn of a blossom,  
As a soft-toned silver bell,  
As the incense-freighted bosom  
Of the rose, art thou, dear Nell!

As the winking of bright star-beams,  
The strange histories they tell,  
The revealings of our rare dreams,  
Ever art thou, dreamy Nell!

Eve, the poets paint so queenly,  
In her beauty, ere she fell,  
Even when reigning most serenely,  
Scarce could rival thee, bright Nell!

Ripplings of the moon-lit ocean,  
Sunbeams in a crystal well,  
Every trancéd, trancing motion,  
Images my graceful Nell!



Oh, the witchery of thy glances,  
Of thy red lips matchless spell,  
Of the light and shade, that dances  
O'er thy face, thou saucy Nell!

So entrancing is thy beauty,  
Thou hast learned its power well,  
'Tis with me no pleasant duty  
Thus to warn thee, thoughtless Nell!

Fate with tempting charms hath crowned thee,  
Subtle as the airs of hell,  
Poisonous fruits lie all around thee,  
Periling thy peace, dear Nell!

'Gainst the sorcery of their power,  
Thy pure nature must rebel,  
Banish, from this very hour,  
Their sad influence, gleeful Nell!

Won, by woman, down from Heaven,  
Poets sing, that angels fell,—  
Blameless, had their charmers, even  
Half thy glory, queenly Nell!

Beauty challenges devotion,  
Proudest homage to compel,  
Consciousness in every motion  
Marks thy dangerous triumph, Nell.

There 's a moral in my love-song ;  
Would its influence might dispel  
From thy soul, the thoughts that strove long  
To beguile thee, charming Nell !

O'er thy triumph's hour is ringing  
Time's remediless farewell !  
Purer raptures should be springing  
In thy bosom, conquering Nell !

Thou my memory hast treasured,  
That has given me the spell  
By which I thy thoughts have measured ;  
Pardon ! and still *love me*, NELL !

## A SPIRIT-MOTHER'S PRAYER.

TO H. H. DAY.



'Tis thy mother! and she presses  
Her white hand upon thy head;  
Pure the light of her caresses,  
As the perfume roses shed.  
Claspéd are those hands in prayer,  
As in earnest, pleading tone  
She beseeches,

“ Have a care  
God almighty for my son,  
Let thy blessing, dearest Father,  
Ever fondly on him rest;  
Strength and courage may he gather  
From each trial; to thy breast  
Father, clasp him, and thy love  
As a mantle round him folding,  
Shield him from the hungry drove—  
Foes that, even now, are holding

Revels in their secret chambers,  
In the castle-holds of wrong :  
May Truth's sunlight, as it clambers  
To the roof-tree, be more strong  
Than the falsehoods that would wrestle  
From the wronged the right away ;  
May the dove of promise nestle  
In his heart of hearts, alway !

" Well I know he will not palter,  
Pledged he stands for truth and right ;  
Well I know he will not falter  
In the thickest of the fight.  
But, oh Father, dearest Father !  
Most unequal is the strife,  
See'st thou not how thickly gather  
Clouds vindictive, tempest-rife ;  
Will they not, ere long, come breaking  
Over his belovéd head ?  
Day by day the storm is waking  
To fresh anger, and its tread  
Booms as heavy as the thunder,  
And its glance of vengeful ire,  
As when lightning darts from under  
Thickest blackness, flashes fire !

“Father keep him, oh, I pray thee  
Let his faith and love endure;  
Let his strength still as his day be,  
God thy promises are sure:  
Thou hast said that thou would'st take him  
Under thy especial care,  
And I know thou 'lt not forsake him  
Yet, oh hear a mother's prayer.

“'Tis in vain I seek to smother  
This too apprehensive love;  
Oh! forgive, forgive a mother  
If, for such a son, she prove  
Sometimes mindless of our other,  
Stern duties, in her care  
That this unrelenting pothor  
Scourge him not to flat despair,  
Scourge him as the angry ocean  
Scourges the resounding shore;  
Oh, amid each wild commotion  
God protect him evermore!”

## A VISION.

---

JUST as my spirit left its clay, this eve,  
And darkness settled down ;  
And my whole being seemed dissolved in air,—  
Thrilled on my spirit ear a music-strain  
Soothing and sweet, and on its mellow waves  
There came faint gleamings of the whitest light,  
Pervading all my thought-sky.  
Star after star, came leaping with glad smiles,  
Into this realm of song, and all the heavens  
With glory-beaming brightness were aglow !  
In this effulgence, kindred to the light,  
Or as it were the light,  
The music rose and fell ;  
Now soaring to profound sublimities,  
Anon to all sweet cadences descending.  
Instinct with life, it seemed, and bore me up,

On its irradiant, white wings,  
Into the realms of perfectness and peace;  
How shall I speak that perfectness and peace!

Wrapped all around, and as it were,  
Steeped, in their most ethereal influences,  
My spirit, dripping with the honied dews  
Of their delight, hung paralyzed with bliss,  
Incapable of motion.

Life's sparkling beaker to the brim was filled,  
Its foamy bubbles, breaking,  
Scattered their fragrant spray,  
Like incense over me.

Oh, God! the quick delight that flashed upon me,  
Flooding my spirit as with a sea of glory,  
Illuminating all its inmost depths  
With light's intensity! Had not my senses  
Slept in the death-clasp of a clinging spell  
That held them in embraces strong as steel,  
Th'is glory had consumed all earthly life.

I floated in an atmosphere of prayer,  
Each respiration was an inspiration!  
Delicious dreamings, visions of delight,  
I could have lingered in your beams forever!

Then I felt a hand on mine,  
Seemed it as the touch of thine,

And I straightway turned to see  
What thy questioning might be ;  
'T was Lucinda's gentle face,  
'T was her sisterly embrace.

Then a curtaining silence fell,  
And embraced us in its spell,  
And her arm was round me thrown,  
As a strong protecting zone ;  
And I nestled still more near  
Her sweet bosom, filled with fear.

Motion I in vain essayed,  
All my being shrunk dismayed,  
At the splendor hanging o'er her,  
Cold, as the pale *Odorata*  
Hangs at midnight o'er the wave,  
But her heart beat "stout and brave."

"Wherefore timid spirit, now,  
Should'st thou shrink, and tremble so ?  
Filled with joy thy soul should be,  
*CHANNING* bends in love o'er thee ;  
See ! he beckons thee away,  
Hasten, hasten, to obey !"



With a gladsome, sweet surprise,  
Lifted I my drooping eyes,  
Unto his; in either one  
Flashed there such a blinding sun,  
That beneath their lids, in pain,  
Mine concealed themselves again.

“Now his glory is more dim,  
Thou canst look undaz’d on him.”  
Lucy said. I looked, and lo!  
Such a rapture lit his brow,  
Such a heavenly halo shed  
Sweetest luster o’er his head,  
That my own I meekly bent,  
As a nun before her saint.

Then he took my hand in his,  
Oh, of all the memories  
That I cherish, of the past,  
This shall linger, till the last,  
O’er my future like a star,  
Sorrow can not dim, nor mar!

“Gentle daughter!” whispered he,  
“Thou shalt, as I come to thee,

See this light about thee shine ;  
Of my presence 'tis the sign.  
In the future I will come  
Often, to thy earthly home.

“ And in sorrow, pain, or care,  
Or when evil lays its snare,—  
In thy every trial hour,  
Thou shalt feel the soothing power  
My protection can impart,  
To support, and cheer thy heart.

“ I have loved thee, maiden mild !  
Since that evening, when a child,  
Timid as a fawn, and wild,  
Artless, and as undefiled,  
In thy young simplicity,  
Thou a lesson taught'st to me.”

Then, adown the heavens bended,  
And a fiery ball descended,  
As the moon appears at times,  
When the eastern hill she climbs,  
With her garments, crimson red,  
O'er the misty orient spread.

Thus intensely luminous  
Fell the ball, till near to us;  
Just above his head it broke,  
And involved him in a smoke,  
Thin, and clear, and silvery bright,  
As a vapor, fleecy white.

Round and round him it did twine,  
Hid his matchless form divine,  
As a vail of silky gauze;  
And amid the breathless pause  
That succeeded our amaze,  
Slow he faded from our gaze.

Then, such strains of music, burst,  
As through Paradise, of erst,  
When transcendent echoes rang  
To the birth-song angels sang,  
Of creation's natal morn,  
Ere a soul in clay was born.

Louder, clearer, came the swell;  
As the sea, it rose and fell,  
Each succeeding wave more vast,  
More controlling than the last,

'Till beyond endurance, blest,  
Upon Lucy's sheltering breast  
Sank I, as a babe to rest.

"Let me linger here !" I cried  
"Oh Lucinda, I have tried,  
Long enough, the walks of life ;  
Shelter ! save me ! from the strife  
Of affliction, toil, and care,  
My attendants, every where !"

"Dearest child ! it may not be ;  
Go, fulfill thy destiny !  
Blessings, clustering around,  
Give thee wealth but seldom found ;  
Toil, and cross, and shame, abide !  
Triumph waits the crucified.

## THE NEW REVELATION.

---

FROM highest Heaven a spirit voice, to-night,  
Speaks to my soul, in accents fine and clear,  
List for a moment, gentle friends, and hear  
The tones come, fluttering as the boreal light;  
And now I catch the burden of the theme.  
“Rejoice, that earth beholds a better day,  
And heaven is opened through a surer way  
Than flitting shadows, and imperfect dream!  
Ye hear the whispers of the Angel-band,  
With God himself ye hold communion high,  
And feel the consecration of his hand,  
The inspiration of his cloudless eye!  
Oh, be ye faithful, ye who are believing,  
Perfect your spirits for more full receiving.”

## SECRET WORTH.

---

THEIR choicest odors will the roses keep ;  
Their brightest beauties in vailed bosoms cling ;  
The drowsy minstrels, love-lured, nestle decry,  
Unseen and tuneful in their hearts to sing :  
Clothed in a language few can comprehend,  
Their sacred hymnings cunningly they peep ;  
They best interpret who in reverence bend,  
Learning by love mysterious Nature's lore .

Rivers that move with calm and stately motion,  
And lesser streams that bear them company  
To the unfathomable depths of ocean,  
Vail half their glories from the common eye.  
From lordly oaks that skirt the mountain's brow,  
To the green cedars of the shady vale,  
Through each and all, sublimest meanings flow,  
Each hath its lore occult, and mystic tale.

And souls of noble strain alone may read  
The lessons folded in their secret core ;  
Thus of our souls, heroic thought and deed,  
With reverent love, command the firmest door.

Like a sweet rose-bud doth thy spirit seem,  
Not half its perfume, half its charms revealed ;  
As the arbutus in dry leaves will gleam,  
Betrayed by incense when the most concealed.  
I know that thou art beautiful right well,  
Though but the image of thy soul I see,  
But such a soul must permeate its shell  
With light-floods, reflux for intensity.  
Then, Lady ! seek not from true hearts to hide  
The charms that make thee blessed upon earth ;  
For such the loftiest bards have glorified,  
And lowliest hearts grow gladdened in their worth.

## THE DEAD BABY.

---

A SPIRIT approached me I knew not before  
Who sang me this lay of the baby she bore.

“This child in my bosom, but yesterday hung  
On the breast of its mother, who joyfully sung  
Such sweet baby-lays, that the seraphs above  
Hung o’er the blest twain, in the transports of love.  
The child raised its eyes to the jubilant band,  
And with gleeful surprise it threw up its white hand  
With a beckoning gesture, as if it would fain  
Woo the beautiful beings on earth to remain.

“Then they hovered still nearer the mother and son,  
So near that the child caught their low under-tone.  
A moment, all motionless over the pair,  
They hung in a silence, profound as the pray’r  
A dying saint offers, unuttered, to God,  
Ere his rapt spirit flies to the blissful abode.



“Then, fleet as the lightning, a seraph most fair,  
With wings ever brightening, as through the hushed air  
She glided, came down to the baby, so near,  
She whispered a mystical word in his ear ;  
Then the rose on his cheek grew as white as the snow,  
His pouting red lips lost their rich, ruddy glow ;  
O’er the love-beaming eyes the veinéd lids closed,  
His dimpled hands folded, as if he reposed.  
Unbroken the vigil that mother still keeps,  
As she thinks, how profoundly her little one sleeps !

“Oh, blissful young mother ; alas ! for the joy,  
The pride, hope, and love, centered all in thy boy !  
The soft, tiny hand, thy warm fingers enfold,  
To ivory stiffening, grows ivory cold.  
She bent her quick ear, his low breathing to hear,  
Oh God ! how she shook with a shivering fear !  
No sweet coming breath, from his lips, met her own,  
And the little plump cheek was as cold as a stone !  
The blood to her heart shuddered back with a bound,  
And she sank, a new Niobe, smote to the ground.

“Oh, blissful reprieve, from the swift-coming woes !  
Too soon, yet too soon, from that trance she arose,  
Locked around her dead babe, firm as steel is her grasp.  
In vain is the struggle her hands to unclasp,

She hears not, she sees not, she deigns no replies,  
But frantic, and wild, are her heart-rending cries.

“I will not believe it! this can not be death!  
He is sleeping, sweet baby! I hear his low breath;  
See, how closely he presses his cheek to my breast;  
Oh, do not, I pray you, disturb his calm rest!  
Hard-hearted! ye never shall pile the cold clod,  
'Twixt my baby and me, oh! forbid it my God!”

“Poor, grief-stricken mother, 'tis well, for the day,  
That thy senses, bewildered, should wander away.  
But when they return, may they gladden, to hear  
The voice of thy darling sing clear, from the sphere,  
Where, crowned with Immortelles, and vested in  
white,  
He walks with light ange's, an angel of light!”

## VIRGIN ISLAND.



AFAR in the west is a sunny isle  
That is only lighted by Woman's smile;  
In all its bound may no man be found,  
And to woman's voice replies no sound,  
But of singing birds, and the minstrelsy  
Of swinging boughs in the forests free,—  
Of gurgling brooks, and the rippling rills,  
And hymns of sweet flowers on sunny hills,—  
And glossy blades of the laughing grass  
Kissing our feet as we softly pass,—  
And wood-nymphs, by Zephyr borne, bending above  
The Ocean's blue surges, wooing the love  
Of beautiful sylphs, who gambol and play  
With the foam-crested waves, or lovingly lay  
Their frolicsome heads on the white billows breast,  
Whose low, hushing lullaby, soothes them to rest.

And O, in this Isle of the Lily and Rose,  
All crimson-lipped joys fold their wings in repose ;  
And could I but burst my flesh-fetters I 'd soar  
On pinions of light to this sweet Island shore,  
With gay gladsome spirits to frolic and sing,  
Where Winter ne'er darkens our life's joyous Spring !  
But man may not enter this bright Isle, so you  
May as well *make your bow* ; with respect sir—adieu.

## PHANTASY.



“TINY Acorn”  
Was the first born  
Of the friendship felt for thee;  
Then the proud oak  
Still more loud spoke  
To thy inmost soul of me.

Gentle Lady,  
I conveyed thee  
Many thoughts thou lovest well,  
And have brought thee  
Every thought free,  
Fit to hold thee by their spell.

Life's hard lesson  
Finds expression  
In the rippling of thy rhymes,

As a river,  
Flowing ever,  
To all mingling, tingling chimes.

Somewhat mazy,  
Somewhat crazy,  
Was I in that lower sphere;  
It would weary,  
Should I tarry  
For an explanation here.

In the dead light  
Of the midnight,  
I have sought thee as thou slept;  
When the gleamings  
Of bright dreamings  
Have across thy bosom swept;

Thou 'st not known me  
Though I 've shown thee  
Clear as light, the name I bore,  
When a Wanderer,  
Weary Wanderer,  
On time's uncongenial shore.

To the serious,  
How mysterious  
Are these inspirations high ;  
I have listened,  
While tears glistened,  
Even in my spirit eye ;

Not for sadness,  
But deep gladness,  
That, from out this tangled mesh  
Of confusing,  
Harshly bruising  
Chains, and fetters of the flesh,

The pure soul, at  
Last, the goal had  
Found, through death's tartarean gloom ;  
And the aurora  
Of Life's morrow  
Burst resplendent from the tomb.

Oh surrender  
Every tender,  
Lofty, feeling of thy soul,  
Each upspringing  
Fancy, winging  
Onward to this glorious goal.

Brighter beauties  
Higher duties,  
Will the future bring to thee.  
Oh, be careful,  
Watchful, prayerful,  
Thus to keep thy spirit free.

Thou art twining  
Of this rhyming  
A bright amaranthine wreath,  
Pure and fadeless,  
As the shadeless  
Flowers beyond the shores of death.

Radiating  
Consecrating  
Odors pure, and high, and good.  
Near the Father  
Thou shalt gather  
Heavenly manna for thy food.

I, a maker,  
Am partaker  
Of the feelings that have thrilled  
Thy mind-ocean  
With emotion,  
That has all its ripples stilled.



And I linger  
Near each singer,  
That on earth can find a voice,  
At the holy  
Songs they troll, I  
Joy, and evermore rejoice.

Oak leaves rarest  
Of the fairest  
Coloring to thee I throw,  
On their faces  
Are the traces  
Of the name of—*who shall know?*

## LITTLE MOSS ROSE.

---

A LOVELY rose-bud in the sun shine blowing,  
Simple and modest, and as sweetly wild,  
As though young Zephyr nursed it as her child,  
Art thou wee Pet ; so innocently growing  
Upon the parent stem, while sun and dew  
Still foster thee, with care the tenderest,  
And spirits hover over the green nest  
Which shelters thee. Happy for thee, while yet  
Thou art not tempted from this safe retreat,  
By the gay sunshine of the world alluring,  
Where prouder beauties glance with more assuring  
Effluence and color, but how far less sweet  
Than thou bright budling, O then linger here  
God and his angels are so very near.

## HELPING HANDS.

---

“BEAUTIFUL spirits, gloriously fair !”  
Over my Alfred bend, with loving care ;  
Let him behold you, feel your presence near,  
Oh, bear him tidings from this holy sphere !  
Tell him, sweet angels, that his faithful wife  
Walks with him, mutely, through the scenes of life,  
An ever-helping, ever-cheering power, .  
She bends above him in the trial hour ;  
A mellowed sunbeam in his joyous air,  
She comes unseen, and warms him unaware.  
Oh, had my heart a language, it would tell  
Such thrilling stories of the homes where dwell  
Eternal pleasures, beyond doubt, and strife,  
That death should seem the perfectness of life !

“Beautiful spirits, gloriously fair !”  
As earthward, now, ye cleave the throbbing air.

Across his pathway throw a radiant light,  
Let heavenly visions dawn upon his sight;  
Let Love's enchantment kindle every scene  
His fancy pictures; with a brow serene  
May meek-eyed Faith so near the blest abode  
Lead his tried spirit, to a pardoning God,  
That Hope's forecast fruition may be given  
To his crowned spirit, in the bowers of heaven.

## PAULINE.

---

WHITE browed Anemones, daughters of the sun,  
And blue-eyed violets, with the mignonette,  
And pale pink roses with the valley's pet,  
The myrtle, iris, lily, every one  
Becomes a sweet Interpreter of thee ;  
And as I list the voices of thy soul,  
So soft and gentle, yet in their control  
Strong and subduing, clearly do I see  
The latent strength that slumbers in thy spirit,  
Where lofty faith with aspirations high,  
And holy loves keep closest company,  
Building the heaven predestined soul's inherit.  
Oh, the sweet influence of thy soul on mine  
Is like an effluence of the most Divine!

## THE JEWELLED HEAVENS.



Oh, be silent ! spirit voices,  
Singing, ringing, reach my ear,  
Throbbing pulses, hush your noises;  
Let me hear ! more clearly hear !

Stay, oh stay this tide of feeling ;  
Trembling heart, lay fear aside ;  
Senses, shocked to sudden reeling,  
Look to Him, the Glorified !

Fervently your white arms reaching,  
In the silence lift your prayer,  
With lips mute in their beseeching,  
Spirit meekly bending, where

His light footsteps flashes beauty  
On the mountains, as he goes;  
So the twin eyes, faith and duty,  
To the spirit shall disclose

Such intensely brilliant gleamings  
Of the home where spirits dwell,  
That the Poet's wildest dreamings  
Were too faint, its worth to tell.

I have seen its mingled glories,  
Flashing intermittent gleams,  
Far beyond the gorgeous stories  
Of the heaven of orient dreams!

Jacinth, heliotrope, and sapphire,  
Amethyst, and topaz bright,  
Red cornelians flashing fair fire,  
Sardonyx and chrysolite.

The still varying opal's hue,  
The wierd agate's cloudy lines,  
Turquoise, with its heavenly blue,  
And the flashing almandines.

Diamonds, such as earth ne'er furnished  
For her proudest monarch's crown,  
Gems, so exquisitely burnished,  
That their rays like sunbeams shone ;

Rubies bright, and pearls the fairest,  
Sea-hued beryls, jasper stones,  
And clear crystal forms, the rarest,  
And pellucid chalcedones.

There the golden chrysoprasus  
Mingled with the emerald's green,  
In a glory that surpasses  
All that mortal eye has seen.

But surpassing all that splendor,  
Blazed the glory of the One,  
God-like strong, and child-like tender,  
Whom 'tis life to look upon !



TO A. K. F.



I.

Oh conquering Woman ! as I read thy heart,  
I see its fitness for high ministries,  
Manfully to perform thy chosen part,  
And filled with all diviner sympathies.  
Angels of goodness thee unseen surround,  
Still marshaling to deeds of high emprise ;  
With brightest bays thy forehead have they crowned,  
In laud of thy uncounted victories.  
Oh hero-soul, Life's temple dost thou build,  
Arches and columns, towers and glowing spires ;  
With incense of good deeds its halls are filled,  
And love to God kindles its altar-fires.  
As low within its hallowed courts I kneel,  
Angels of love thy destiny reveal.

TO A. K. F.



II.

OH sister Spirit, still do I aspire  
To breathe some note of praise more worthy thee,  
With loving reverence, from my spirit-lyre  
Would I arouse its holiest symphony.  
Ah me! I know full well, to souls like thine,  
With every dawn there evermore doth come  
Some sacrifice to lay on Duty's shrine,  
Some sterner conflict, deeper martyrdom;  
And Pity's tears are falling, as I think  
Of all the sorrows gathering on thy way;  
From what a cup of anguish must thou drink,  
What dizzy heights, what dismal depths survey  
From out so black and storm-conflicting night,  
There must be born a day of radiance bright.

## RECONCILIATION.



LYDIA! my loving Sister, very sweet  
It is, and pleasant to my soul, to greet  
Thee in thy happy home of peace, aloof;  
Dear memories clustering 'neath its humble roof;  
But though with these, and thee, I find it blest  
To linger often, yet it were not best  
Too many a joy's unnerving sweets to prove,  
Darling, my sister, dearest in my love.

When first my soul, led by our mother's hand,  
In robes of glory sought the spirit land,  
Thy anxious care, and earnest tenderness,  
So lured it back to pity and caress,  
With lingering fondness for awhile I hung,  
Sometimes o'er thee, sometimes to Alfred clung,  
Oftener to thee, for thus through Dora's voice  
I found fit speech to bid thy heart rejoice;

And breathing so her spirit strong and meek,  
I learned to love her as I learned to speak.

But though, dear Lydia, I am fain to cling  
Around thee so, love's messages to bring,  
Yet for a season I must needs release  
My hold upon you, and my words must cease,  
I can not linger when such glories rise  
Kindling before me in the eternal skies;  
I feel within my inmost spirit burn  
Earnest desire the angel's songs to learn,  
But not the more can your dear memories fade  
Nor heaven's full glory quench the light ye shed,  
Though far I wander on my glowing track,  
Ere long, be sure, my soul shall travel back,  
With bright revealings from my blissful sphere,  
And the soft splendors that surround me here.

But one more word, dear Lydia, I would say,  
Be not so anxious for the time and way,  
The wrong and doubtful from the true and right  
Will fade, as darkness fadeth from the light.  
I stood beside thee all that night of grief  
Longing, but powerless, to bestow relief;  
Still all untroubled, for I saw how clear  
The sun of Trust would rise again, to cheer.

On a Spring's bosom did'st thou never trace  
Perfect reflections of thy form and face,  
And gazing seen some leaflet flutter down  
On its fair surface? thus, sometimes, is thrown  
A ruffling shadow o'er the depths of mind,  
Blurring an image faithfully enshrined.  
A breath will dim the purest mirror's face,  
So may a thought, from other minds, efface  
From Dora's soul the messages we send,  
Or if not all, some mist may with them blend,  
Leaving their beauty but in fitful gleams;  
A troubled slumber giveth troubled dreams.

Be calm and patient, ever trusting take  
What comes of worthy, for its own worth's sake.  
The sweetest feature of this lovely sphere  
Is, that no self can ever enter here,  
Nothing of earth's conflicting *mine* and *thine*,  
But all is mutual, loving, and divine.

## RENUNCIATION.



GENTLY! touch me gently, Brother!

Ah, methinks thou now can'st see  
All the grief I sought to smother,  
In my inmost soul, for thee.

Tenderly thy name is cherished,  
Faithfully thine honor kept,  
But for evermore hath perished  
The strange passion, once which swept

O'er me, as a storm o'er ocean,  
As a whirlwind, or a fire,  
Kindling, to intense emotion,  
Every sensuous desire!

Every tendril of fine feeling,  
Seemed around thy strength to grow ;  
Every passionate revealing,  
Took a more impassioned flow ;

Till my spirit-life seemed fading,  
Fading, withering, as a flower,  
Which the hot hand of the Day King  
Clutches, with too fierce a power.

Raise thou not a hushing finger ;  
I must speak, and thou must hear !  
Never an impassioned singer  
Chanted notes more deep, and clear.

Had I loved thee truly, purely,  
I had never lost that truth ;  
Had thy love been wiser, surely  
Better were it now, for both.

Better ! no ; I would say, rather,  
It were better as it is,—  
Better for the strength I gather,  
From a lesson learned like this.

For the troth kiss to thee plighted,  
Never could have been, to me,  
Like the pure flame I have lighted  
At the fires of Calvary.

Mid the jarring of my heart strings,  
Sweetest symphony awoke,  
As when, with clear notes, a bard sings  
In a battle's storm and smoke.

And it calmed my every feeling,  
Soothed my passion's wildest cry,  
Till each sense sank, reverent, kneeling  
At the Cross imploringly.

Oh, I pray thee, do not tarry,  
One memorial hour with me,  
Since I never more can carry  
The old tenderness for thee.

As a brother, brother only,  
Do I clasp thy proffered hand,  
And my feelings, gay or lonely,  
Thou canst never more command.



Go, I can not need thy presence ;  
    Leave me, from this fleeting hour ;  
Or thy memory, as a pleasance,  
    Will have lost its charmed power.

Let the dear old past be treasured,  
    As a something sacred still ;  
I, its loftiest heights who measured,  
    Its profoundest deeps can fill.

Of that past I learn to borrow  
    Hope's serenest guiding star,  
Not a rack of dark'ning sorrow  
    Its effulgency can mar.

From that past a power is stealing,  
    Silently, and all divine,  
And its holiest revealing  
    I have made forever mine.

Leave thou, leave the few pale roses,  
    That within my spirit bloom,  
For the hues their heart discloses,  
    And the sweets of their perfume.

Surely, pale and scentless seeming,  
Must they be, to sense and eyes,  
Gladdened by the gardens, gleaming  
With the flowers of Paradise.

Go! these ears no more shall listen  
To that winning voice of thine,  
And these eyes no longer glisten  
With pale feeling's treacherous sign.

For the future, now, must prove me  
Strong in purpose, firm, and still;  
Passion never more shall move my  
Deep, unfaltering, springs of will.





















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